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# San Francisco Clears Its Decks

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

*San Francisco, April 29*

WHEN I saw the headline "GERMANY QUITS" in the press room of the Veterans' Building yesterday I threw away the copy I was writing. That headline running across the front page of Mr. Hearst's *Call-Bulletin*, white on bright red six inches tall, was a lie, but it stopped proceedings at the plenary session still going on at the Opera House next door. It stopped me. Lie or truth, it was a reminder that Hitler's eleven-year reign of terror was fast collapsing in blood and shattered stone and that the events in the last few days in San Francisco should be considered in the glaring light of the final battle on the plains of Europe. Beside those monstrous events the bargainings of statesmen in hotel lobbies or behind the closed doors of the steering committee take on more modest dimensions. Suppose that Molotov annoyed his colleagues by demanding four presidents instead of gracefully accepting the single chairmanship of Stettinius. Is it worth arguing an afternoon away trying to figure out whether this action implied something more sinister than a bid for equal authority? While the Russians and Americans unite in tumultuous joint celebrations in the midst of the shambles of Berlin, it seems more pertinent to concentrate on the job of welding the Soviet Union into the security set-up. One experienced observer said this morning: "The more completely Russia forces its way into the show here and the more responsibilities it takes on the better chance there is of successful cooperation. This is the only way to wipe out the effects of twenty-five years of hostility and suspicion culminating in the freezing out of Russia at Munich. Once the Soviet delegates convince themselves that they needn't prove their power on every issue they will quit taking the offensive."

This does not mean, of course, that Russia will suddenly yield on points of major significance. No power here shows any sign of subordinating its interests to over-all ide[al] of justice or international community. It does mean tha[t Ru]ssia will probably be a fully integrated member of the [pow]er coalition which must form the core of the secu[rity] organization as soon as its delegates become convin[ced] their every gesture is not played up in sensationa[l] [head]lines and viewed with suspicion by commentators and [col]umnists. Unused to the happy irresponsibility of [the] uncontrolled press, they find it hard to evaluate th[e] [cri]tic interpretations of certain reporters covering [the] conference or the nonsense cabled back from Madrid b[y] [Hear]st's Von Wiegand.

Molotov's press conference, followed by his able and genial appearance as chairman of yesterday's plenary session, has done a lot to offset the impression created by his demand for coequal chairmen and for the immediate seating of delegates from White Russia and the Ukraine. But hostility to Russia is still strong enough to endanger actual progress toward unity. Kingsley Martin, who is here reporting the conference for the London *New Statesman*, told me he had been astounded and frightened by the strength of the anti-Russian feeling he had encountered as he came across the country. The feeling exists in England among similar groups, but there it is mitigated by the universal realization, first, that the Red Army saved Britain, and, second, that only a close permanent relationship with Russia would prevent another war.

Whether viewed as a hope or a menace, Russia is certainly the pivot around which this conference revolves as well as the object of endless gossip and local excitement. Yesterday I saw for the first time a crowd of people, mostly women and girls, waiting outside the door of the St. Francis Hotel for a glimpse of the Russian delegates. My taxi driver said contemptuously: "Do they think Molotov has three legs or what?" The doorman had told the people that the Russians weren't expected to appear, but they stayed on anyway. Today in the corridors of the Palace Hotel, where most of the press is housed, I heard two reporters exchanging views on the whereabouts of the White Russian and Ukrainian delegates. "Sure, they're here," one of them said, "just waiting to take their seats. Uncle Joe knew he would get them in. Perhaps they're keeping them out on that Soviet ship in the harbor."

But gossip and bargaining alike seem pretty trivial when you consider them beside the mighty tasks facing this conference. They are important only in so far as they impede these tasks. And by this time it is clear that the conference will at least survive its differences. It will not blow up over the issues of power or over Poland or Argentina. Within a few days it will begin discussing the problems for which it was called together. And the lines of discussion have already been laid down in several of the speeches that have been so far delivered. The conference will survive, and the international security organization will be set up. This is certain now, though it was uncertain a few days ago.

Only a confirmed anarchist or isolationist will dare question the value of this assurance. The security organization

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will at least provide the instrument which, assuming the United Nations remain united, can be used for peace as the present alliance has been used for war. Without it there is nothing. With it there is a hope and a machine. Whether the new organization will be only a power alliance with democratic trimmings as Frederick Schuman predicted last week in *The Nation* or an alliance modified in some real measure by the established rights of the lesser states remains to be determined. Already several delegates have proposed changes in the Dumbarton Oaks plan which would greatly extend the powers of the middle and smaller nations. This, of course, is the chief constitutional problem facing the conference. It is immensely important, but it is less important for all than the unity of the Big Three. If a contradiction lurks in this fact, it can only be worked out through the patient weighing of one set of values against another, not by thundering oratory about the rights of small nations or the menace of the great.

The truth is that only a well-balanced cynic can avoid cynicism at San Francisco. The person who hopes for too much is going to emerge with very little. A person of shrewdly limited expectations will be able better to appreciate the accomplishments likely to be chalked up in the next few weeks. For this conference will do no more than put together the framework structure of security. It will not create international government. It will not produce justice as between nations comprising the security organization. Least of all will it move toward a more democratic society which would provide safe ground for such a structure to stand on. One may be sure, for example, that Argentina will be admitted to membership, and it seems almost certain that an Argentine delegation will be seated in the conference. The efforts of the Friends of the Spanish Republic to prevent the admission of Franco Spain to the security organization on the basis of technical neutrality will be seriously hampered if Perón and Farrell, Franco's quislings, are given seats. And, as Del Vayo points out elsewhere in this issue, the presence of fascist states in the new international set-up would again open the door to the fatal tactics of appeasement. Beyond these possibilities lies the still greater problem of creating or permitting the creation of genuine anti-fascist states throughout the world. No one with sense expects San Francisco to accomplish this work of political regeneration. But none the less it is alarming to look down the list of delegates and discover how few are the new men, how many are the left-overs of old and discredited governments. It is alarming to see how few labor men are included. Across the bay in Oakland the administrative committee of the World Labor Conference is in session with Philip Murray as chairman. Yesterday Russia asked that representatives of this body be invited to attend the sessions here as observers. One can imagine how little this proposal will appeal to the State Department. Nevertheless, labor should be here, not to observe but as an integral part of every delegation. The liberation movements as a whole are also poorly represented. What sort of peace shall we have if the men and women who contributed so bravely and effectively to the freeing of Europe are all but shut out of the process of building the machinery of peace?

# *The Shape of Things*

THE WAR DEPARTMENT HAS ISSUED, FOR THE guidance of discussion leaders in camps at home and abroad, an "orientation fact sheet" on fascism and fascists which ought to be printed in full in every newspaper in the country and then clipped out and saved by every citizen. It contains as good a brief analysis as we have seen anywhere of the beginnings, the methods, the aims, and the inevitable results of fascism—under such headings as Fascism and Business, Small Business Betrayed, Why Fascists Are Anti-Union. To the question, Can It Happen Here? it answers yes. And in a section headed, Three Ways to Spot United States Fascists, it gets right down to the fascist business of anti-Semitism, red-baiting, labor baiting, and opposition to any form of international cooperation. It is sound and sensible and plain, exactly the sort of thing we have a right to expect from the War Department of a democratic country—but seldom get. It should, as we have said, be very widely distributed among civilians as well as soldiers. And we should like the privilege of reading it aloud to the striped-trousers division of the State Department and to every official having anything to do with the governments of liberated countries.

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ARGENTINA IS LIKELY TO REMAIN A SUBJECT of controversy during the whole period of the San Francisco conference. Some of the Latin American delegates are insisting that if the representatives of White Russia and the Ukraine are immediately given seats, as Molotov demands, then Argentina should be invited to join the United Nations and to attend the conference. Why the Latin American countries and particularly Mexico should be fighting this most unpopular battle to bring a fascist regime into the new international organization has puzzled many people. Actually the reason is an obvious one and is linked to the role played by our State Department. In Mexico on the eve of the Chapultepec conference many Latin Americans wanted Argentina to be compelled to appear before the assembled delegates and reply to the charges that had been made of open complicity with the Axis. Such a demand would have put Farrel and Perón on the carpet and could easily have provoked an internal crisis in Argentina which would have brought a democratic regime into power. The United States said no. Under no circumstances could Argentina be invited to Mexico. The veto sounded very impressive. But as many Latin Americans had suspected, our firm stand ended in a polite invitation to the Argentine government to reform and sign the charter of Chapultepec. Since then the mysterious travels of Avra Warren to Buenos Aires and back by bomber and the dis[illegible] of a cruiser and an American military delegation to [illegible]entine capital to thank Farrell and Perón for ha[illegible]doned Hitler when Hitler was already being aba[illegible] the German army showed how events were develo[illegible]d so the Latin Americans are saying that if Argenti[illegible] finally to be accepted, they are not going to wait until [illegible]ington presents them with another fait accompli. If there [illegible]plomatic success to be scored, the enterprising Mexican [illegible]ign Minister Ezequiel Padilla does

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not intend to let it slip out of his hands. But not even this record justifies any delegation that seriously supports democracy and peace in trying to smuggle fascist Argentina into San Francisco.

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WHETHER OR NOT THE SPANISH QUESTION will formally come before the conference is not yet clear but one thing is certain, it is one of the questions most actively discussed in the corridors. When the news of Mussolini's execution broke, several people said in various words: "Today Mussolini, tomorrow Hitler—the day after Franco." The unpopularity of the Spanish regime is such that when an important radio forum planned a broadcast on the subject "Should Franco Spain be admitted to the new international organization?" it could not find two reputable persons to argue the affirmative. One thing that contributed to making Spain a live issue at the conference was the release on Monday of the memorandum submitted to every delegation by the Friends of the Spanish Republic. This document, prepared for the purpose by Ralph Bates, exposed the services Franco has rendered to Hitler during the past five years and established the case against his admission to the world security organization. It is now a question whether any delegation will take the initiative in raising the issue when the status of neutrals comes under consideration. If so, it will be easy to demonstrate that Franco Spain was never a neutral but a non-belligerent ally of Hitler, while Republican Spain has been an active belligerent on our side whether the State Department and the Foreign Office admit it or not. Among the nations participating in the San Francisco conference five never recognized Franco—Russia, China, Czechoslovakia, Mexico, and New Zealand—while Guatemala broke with Spain immediately after the recent overthrow of the dictator Ubico. Any one of these countries would be in a strategic position to press the Spanish issue but Russia's attitude on this point as on others is being awaited with particular interest.

*

FOR HENRI PHILIPPE PETAIN, LATE MARSHAL OF France, the war has been a long time coming to an end. Back in 1940, on May 28, according to Janet Flanner's brilliant sketch, he remarked to De Gaulle: "We must capitulate. What you say to the contrary is stupid and childish. I am old and experienced and know that England is lost. The war is finished." One June 16, as Premier of France, he asked Germany for peace. Now, as the war really finishes, but with a difference, the old man of eighty-nine returns from Germany to France to meet trial for treason. There are many in France, in England, in America, who will not be happy to see him back. It would be more convenient for this ancient ghost to fade out in exile and carry with him his own and others' secrets. Not so venal as Laval, Pétain is a high symbol of appeasement and collaboration. Anti-republican, counter-revolutionary, friend of the authoritarian state, he became the natural heir to the appeasers who assisted Hitler to power. Their half-forgotten accents will be heard as he presents his defense; they will be in the box beside him. And they won't all be Frenchmen. It is an interesting suggestion that Admiral Leahy may be called as a witness for the defense. Certainly Pétain had no stauncher American friend. Perhaps it is an awkward time for our State Department to be reminded of its Vichy days. Perhaps not, for we have yet to give Europe proof that we are squarely behind those democratic forces that Vichy strangled for so long in France and that Allied policy has consistently frustrated in other liberated areas of Europe. There is a danger that Pétain's return may split France: the legend of the "hero of Verdun" is still strong. And there will be some who will want to make Pétain the scapegoat for all the guilty ones whose basic treason began months and years before Hitler's divisions rolled into the Low Countries. That would be a pity; there are more active and more subtle traitors who seem destined to die in bed. The trial must mark the eradication of Pétainism from the life of a nation. Already the results of the first French elections in nine years show the rugged strength of the new France which Vichy tried in vain to kill.

*

IN SPITE OF THE FACT THAT GREECE HAD ONE of the strongest and most effective resistance movements in Nazi-occupied Europe, no representative of this important factor in Greek political life is to be found among the members of its delegation at the San Francisco Conference. This reflects the situation existing in Greece today, which is vividly described by Hal Lehrman elsewhere in this issue. The only liberal in the present government is John Sofiano-Poulos, head of the Greek delegation to San Francisco. His position is that of many liberals who have been induced to cooperate with reactionary governments in order to save what they can for the people. They usually do no more than strengthen the position of the reactionaries.

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PRIVATE PHILIP PERLMUTTER OF BROOKLYN arrived at the Danube one day last week and discovered, rather to his disgust, that it isn't blue. Next thing you know we'll be hearing from G. I. witnesses that the Black Forest is not black, that the watch on the Rhine has run down, that red Russians aren't red, and that there's no such place as Berlin.

*

TO GET FOOD GET YOUR POLITICS STRAIGHT. This seems to have become the Allied slogan for administering relief to the lesser nations of Europe. Albania is the latest case in point. The UNRRA organized an Albanian mission in Cairo as early as July, 1944. So far the Albanians have got nothing, and now it is announced that the original $20,000,000 program has been indefinitely postponed. The trouble is political. The Premier of Albania is a mild-mannered professor named Enver Hoxha. He heads up the left-wing National Liberation Front which chased the Germans out and with them a number of their pals in the nationalist movement, adherents of the erstwhile King Zog. These latter escaped in some numbers across the Adriatic and are now snug in British sanctuary near Bari, although the Albanians want them back to answer charges of collaboration. In keeping with early policy in Yugoslavia and late policy in Greece, the Allies are holding up recognition of the Hoxha government and setting up conditions for relief administration under outside direction that make the Albanians very suspicious. They are afraid that what is happening across the border in

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Greece may well happen to them. Meanwhile the Albanians are desperately in need of medical supplies, clothing, and food which the UNRRA is equipped to give were not politics a chief consideration.

*

FROM A MILITARY HOSPITAL BEHIND THE LINES came two letters dated "Italy, April 14." Pfc. B. L. wrote, in part, as follows:

> The death of the President was a shock to all of us. I felt sort of empty when I heard the news. For he has been President half our lives and stood for, and was, the vital, dynamic America that we knew from the time we first became aware of the world. I disagreed with much that he said and did. Particularly in matters of foreign policy I think he could have made a more daring stand for fighting democracy in the case of Spain, Vichy France, and Greece. But now his loss is irreparable. The man who held the liberal dike is gone and the flood-tide of reaction will come—the reactionary wave that has started once again to trickle in America will swell to a torrent. Unless every liberal in America starts to get on the damn ball and work, we are going to have to admit some day as we start to remobilize that this war was in vain and that people who have suffered must suffer again and again and again until man either becomes extinct or intelligent enough to develop the resources of all the countries in the world for the common good of men everywhere. For all my love of the graceful, comfortable life, I have seen enough savagery, misery, and apathy to make me want these things for all men—for every Yank, every Chinaman and Negro and Jew, every Jap and Pole, every plumber, barfly, and scholar. And I won't take no for an answer. I can't stand the sight of human pain—mental and physical. I am tired of digging in. I want to build.

And Pfc. A. A. adds this:

> Unconsciously we all feel like this: that something solid has been suddenly jerked from under us, and not a little confidence is gone. Not in winning the war, but in what follows. On the credit side, of course, is the faint hope that those of us who leaned too heavily on Roosevelt will wake up to think for ourselves.

*

DR. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER WILL BECOME President Emeritus of Columbia University on October 1. For many years he has been the type and symbol of the College President, and there is no living executive holding a non-political office whose name is so well known to the public. Of the large private universities Columbia has come, for many reasons, to seem the most completely American, and President Butler has been so closely identified with its rise that to praise or attack the institution has inevitably been to praise or attack him. When he was first elected president in 1901 the enrolment was something over four thousand and the budget for the year something over $1,000,000. During its peak year, just before the effect of the war began to be felt, the student body numbered more than thirty-one thousand and the budget was more than $15,000,000. But it was not size alone which gave Columbia its hold upon the popular imagination. Under Dr. Butler the growth of the various professional schools and, even more importantly perhaps, of the summer session and the Department of Extension, made resources of the university meaningful and accessible to many thousands of those in all parts of the country to whom university education would otherwise have seemed the exclusive privilege of those specially fortunate in one way or another. *The Nation* has criticized some of Dr. Butler's policies and pronouncements. But there is no doubt either that his has been a prodigiously successful career or that the university is faced with a difficult problem in finding a successor. Probably no other college president of our time has, by his policy, so successfully refuted the contention that in present-day society the private as opposed to the state university is an anachronism.

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# The Breaking Up

THE junction of American and Russian troops on the Elbe spells the imminent end of Hitler's Germany, yet in the present chaotic state of military affairs it is impossible to predict just how that end will come. It may well be that the unconditional surrender of the Germans will have been announced by the time this issue of *The Nation* reaches your hands, and it may equally well be that isolated resistance will drag on for weeks, with Allied soldiers losing their lives long after any rational basis for defense is gone.

It is thus a peculiar concomitant of the present military situation in Europe that rumors of the wildest character should be given wide circulation. In an impossible situation the most impossible stories will be believed. The extraordinary performance in San Francisco last week-end, when baseless reports were widely credited, will no doubt be repeated over the entire Allied world at frequent intervals before the final declaration of unconditional surrender is released.

In a certain sense it is well that this should be so. The false reports and false demonstrations of joy may serve to relieve public feeling to the point where the authentic declaration will be received with gravity, with recognition of the fact that when so much has been irrevocably destroyed public merrymaking is a travesty of good sense. There is little cause for turning cartwheels over the crushing of a tarantula, especially when another tarantula remains to be crushed, and long after the Germans have been stripped of power the Japanese will remain to be dealt with.

Recognition of these essential facts does not detract from the profound feeling of satisfaction that Germany is split in two. Military history knows nothing comparable to this great spectacle of power amassed on opposite sides of the world and projected toward a common enemy. If proof were still needed, it is proof indeed that we live in one world when power brought from the Golden Gate joins on the Elbe with power brought from Stalingrad, crushing the aggressor in the process. Last week's manifestations of that power have brought the Germans very close to complete disintegration. The joining of Russian and American troops means that the defense of the Third Reich is now vestigial, incoherent, and without hope. What remains to the Allied armies is a large-scale mopping-up process rather than a military campaign. The outstanding German forces in the field are left without centralized control, without sources of military strength, without bases of supply, without lines of communication. They can fight on as separate entities, but they cannot continue to function as a coordinated mass of resistance.

Even as this massive juncture in the center of Germany was robbing the enemy of his means of coherent defense, the energetic blows of Allied troops in the north and in the south were robbing him of his hopes for protracted resistance in the highly defensible redoubts prepared for his retirement after the loss of Berlin, that erstwhile nerve center now bing fast reduced to ashes and rubble. The British capture of Bremen and the Russian capture of Stettin have greatly diminished the value of the northern redoubt, exposing both its flanks to drives inward toward its base across the foot of Denmark, and the same process has been carried through on an even larger scale in the south. There the astonishingly rapid Allied advance across the line of the Po River in Italy has eaten deeply into the southern boundaries of the redoubt, and the encircling of Bohemia and Moravia, coupled with Patton's penetration of Austria, has broken through its northern boundaries.

The great drama of the "Thousand-Year Reich" is thus unquestionably reaching its bloody and sordid close. We are witnessing the final breaking up of military power which once terrorized the civilized world. The utter disaster to Germany signified by this breaking up points an obvious moral to any would-be aggressor in the world today, just as the costly triumph of the powers which have brought it about points an obvious moral for delegates at San Francisco who are interested in the future security of the world.

# Italia Resurrecta

IT IS fitting that it should be the Partisans who disposed of Mussolini. For the spiritual heirs of the murdered Matteotti had the right to deal swift justice to this sawdust Caesar, this strutting egotist, this small-scale dictator who destroyed a nation to build his tinsel empire. The carrion remains in the market place of Milan, where twenty-six years ago Mussolini founded the Fascist movement, are an ignominious symbol of the completion of a cycle.

Now a new spirit is stirring in northern Italy. For eighteen months the Italian Partisans have made a magnificent contribution to the Allied effort in Italy. They have fought alone, engaging the enemy in battles of such scale that the Germans and the Fascists were forced to make ample use of tanks, big guns, and air support. Aneurin Bevan, before the House of Commons, revealed that "it is on record from Field Marshal Alexander that the resistance movement in Italy has been more effective in fighting the Germans than any other resistance movement in Europe. More than 250,000 Italians have lost their lives in that movement." *The Nation* has already mentioned the statement by a high Canadian officer that "without the efforts, big and small, of the Patriots, our task would have been doubly difficult and three times as costly." And even Mr. Churchill was forced to admit that "very desperate battles" were being waged by "brave men who have been fighting and maintaining guerrilla warfare in the Alps."

No one can therefore deny the tremendous contribution of the Italian Partisans to the Allied cause. But this great contribution has been hidden as much as possible from the peoples of the Allied nations—the above mentioned declarations, with the exception of Churchill's, did not appear in the American press. The reason lies in the fact that the Partisans speak with the voice of democracy, which is quite out of tone with that of the Fascism now represented by the House of Savoy and its supporters in and out of Italy. The Partisans are organizing the first local governments in regions they have liberated, and the Committees of Liberation are military as well as political bodies. Behind these committees stand not only the Partisans but the great majority of the Italian people. Without such help the Partisans could not have carried on their fight for eighteen months. The workers

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especially, with their strikes and sabotage, have supported the activities of the Partisans.

As our forces sweep northward they are confronted with a popular movement which the international reaction concentrated in Rome tries to suffocate. The Partisans are disarmed when they are found within the Allied lines, unless they enter the army of the King. The Partisans distrust the old military bureaucracy of a state in disintegration and claim that they represent the strongest and most faithful army of the new Italian popular state. But the Allied administration when it arrives immediately tries to build up sympathies for the Italian monarchy. The same day that we read about the liberation of Milan, Turin, and Genoa, and of the probable capture of Mussolini, the New York *Times* carried a dispatch from Bologna telling of the "acclaim" that greeted a visit of Prince Humbert. It seems strange that during the fifteen minutes of his appearance in public the Prince found "500 assorted Bolognese" ready to mill around him, when, a few days before, the same paper in a dispatch from Bologna carried the following: "Queries throughout central Bologna today evoked the response that the Socialists and the Communists were the strongest parties, with the Actionists third. Moreover—and vitally indicative—all who replied said they were strongly anti-monarchist and did not expect the House of Savoy to survive the Constituent Assembly." A powerful state machine is being built for the monarchy, and the tragic result may be a civil war. In view of the importance of the events in Italy today, and of their bearing on the future not only of the Peninsula but of Europe, we feel that this plot should be made known. Future issues of *The Nation* will carry a series of articles on the subject, explaining the Allied policy in Italy since the fall of Mussolini.

# *The Same Old Codgers*

BY I. F. STONE

*San Francisco, April 28*

THIS is a splendidly vigorous and beautiful city. Its lofty hills, great bay, clear skies, and fresh breezes make it an exhilarating place. The cable cars that crawl up and down its steep streets provide almost as exciting a ride as the chute-the-chutes of Coney Island, and the view from luxurious Nob Hill, where one feels closer to the stars at night, goes to one's head. For the press this has been a glamorous week spent scooting around between press conferences and plenary sessions. We saw and heard the bright, bird-like Dutch Foreign Minister, Van Kleffens; the schoolmasterish Deputy British Prime Minister, Clement Attlee; the monolithic but quick-witted Molotov; Nehru's fragile but intense sister, Mrs. Pandit; dapper Georges Bidault, the French Foreign Minister, who looks more like a care-free boulevardier than an underground leader; and, of course, Mr. Stettinius, our matinee-idol Secretary of State, whose press conferences are remarkable chiefly for his extraordinary facility in remembering the faces and names of reporters. It's the old apple sauce, but we lap it up just the same.

The press is housed in the huge Palace Hotel, on Market Street, down near the wharves, and the correspondents, for whom this is a kind of old-home week, obtain much of their mysteriously authoritative inside information by interviewing each other at the crowded bars and in the high glass-ceilinged dining-room. We are perpetually in transit, like skating bugs, from the Palace to Union Square, which is neat and fashionable and quite unlike its New York namesake; there, at the St. Francis, the Russians and the French are housed. Thence we go to Nob Hill, where the British and the Chinese are in the de luxe Mark Hopkins, with its famous rooftop bar, and the American delegation in the equally plushy if less famous Fairmount. Down hill again we speed to the domed Opera House, where the conference sessions are held, and the big Veterans' Administration Building next door, which is the "press room" of the conference; there are batteries of typewriters and telegraph machines and a most delightful clatter.

Hollywood, as though fearful of being outshone, is well represented here. Your correspondent, as goggle-eyed as any movie fan, was introduced to Charles Boyer by a member of the French delegation and later that night in the lobby of the Palace to Edward G. Robinson. "Well," Robinson asked, with that overtone of quiet menace for which he is famous, "is our side going to win?" It was definitely an "or else" question, and I hastened to assure him that all would be well.

The main event, the opening of the conference Wednesday afternoon, might have been an M-G-M opening. Crowds strained against the ropes for blocks around the Opera House to watch the arriving notables; the press flashed its cards with pride; the foreign delegates poured out of their black limousines, trying hard to look dignified and unmoved. Within, in an interior that seemed to have been done by Maxfield Parrish, floodlights lit up the gilded gesso, red plush, and stainless steel; against the blue background of the huge stage stood four brown pillars, symbols of the four freedoms, connected at the top by what appeared to be large segments of a boa constrictor. The press was with difficulty confined to the triple-tiered galleries by the feminine élite of San Francisco, among whom many heart-rending battles were fought for the honor of ushering at the occasion. But down below camera men swarmed among the delegates of the forty-six nations, kneeling in the aisles and all but hanging from the boxes to get their shots. Flashlight bulbs kept going off like summer lightning, and statesmen obediently composed their faces for the camera.

The affair itself was sobering. The speeches at the opening session were as banal as the juke-box music which was piped into the Opera House as the delegates arrived. The President's address was disappointing. The occasion called for either Lincolnian eloquence or plain, common-sense statement. Mr. Truman is fully capable in private of the latter, but he seems

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to have been prevailed upon to indulge instead in windy moralisms, turgid periods, and the kind of untruths which are regarded as inspirational. I pick one of many examples from the speech. "None of us doubt," Mr. Truman said, "that with divine guidance, friendly cooperation, and hard work we shall find an adequate answer to the problem history has put before us." Mr. Truman would never talk that way in private to a visitor. Why does he in a speech? The statement is not true; some of the wisest of the delegates here certainly do doubt whether we shall find the "answer to the problem history has put before us." The rhetoric is false, the effect is hollow, it is hooey. In private Mr. Truman would say, "It's a tough job. I'm not sure we can do it. But we're going to try our best." Why not say that in public? That kind of plain talk inspires confidence. The tawdry and flatulent rhetoric which marked most of the speeches depressed one. The occasion was so momentous; the danger so grave; the need so great; the utterance so mediocre.

The San Francisco conference is as important as Versailles or the Congress of Vienna. But one's first impression of it is how mediocre is its leadership. The second is how little the cast of characters has changed since Geneva. To be quite frank about it, the conference, for all its glamour, is a meeting of pretty much those same old codgers to whose fumbling we owe World War II. They are still dishing out the same old platitudes and thinking in the same old terms. And so, I suspect, are many of the people they represent. The war, for all its terror and destruction, has not brought about that long-overdue revulsion against nationalism which can alone provide the basis for world order and security. The delegations assembled here indicate that the political parties and the dominant classes of the Western countries and of China are emerging from the conflict momentarily sobered, perhaps, but little changed. Except for the French and Yugoslav delegations, there is no sign here of the new men and forces which welled up from underground in continental Europe to fight fascism. The basic idea at San Francisco is that the big powers must stick together to maintain the peace; this was Metternich's idea in 1815; it is the kindergarten stage in education toward world security. The problem is how to keep the big powers together; it is the problem that these same men—the Halifaxes, the Edens, the Paul-Boncours, the Van Kleffenses—failed to solve at Geneva. Given the same men, the same parties, the same social systems, can one expect a different result?

These men lost the last peace, and unless they are replaced they will some day lose the next one. They can give us the first tentative framework of a world order; it is the job of progressive forces to take over from there as soon as possible. For whatever these men do on paper, they do not have the capacity to withstand and deal with real crises. The weak handling of the Polish issue, the clerical power politics focused upon it, the covert anti-Soviet urges associated with it, are indicative of the stresses and strains which peace will put on the relations of the big powers. It will take new leadership, deeper understanding, and firmer resolution if big-power unity is to be maintained when peace comes and trouble begins.

# *Geneva Casts a Shadow*

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

[*J. Alvarez del Vayo, Foreign Minister of the Spanish Republic, was Spain's representative on the Council of the League of Nations from September, 1936, to January, 1939.*]

*San Francisco, April 27*

DURING this inaugural week at San Francisco Geneva has thrown long shadows on the wall. Perhaps those who are sharing for the first time in the attempt to organize peace for the world do not feel themselves haunted by this shadow. But for those who were participants in or witnesses of the failure of the League, memories of Geneva are impossible to escape. After all, Geneva and San Francisco are stages along the same historic route. The immediate landscape has changed, but the end is the same—world peace. Those who know why the wrong road was taken at the earlier stage should not now remain silent.

Unfortunately, there are few who can tell the story. Of those who sat at the Council table in the last three fatal years of the League, some cannot speak because they still occupy official positions; others will not speak because they are directly responsible for what happened and have little desire to revive unpleasant memories. In the Council were saboteurs of peace like the Polish Colonel Beck, Hitler agents like Georges Bonnet of France, men like Anthony Eden who were honestly convinced that international law should be respected but who were restrained from action by the policy of their governments, anxious appeasers like Lord Halifax, for whom the most important thing was not the fact of aggression but the political color of the victim; if the color appeared red in his eyes, as in the case of the Spanish Republicans, the aggression itself looked a little like the fulfilment of the will of God. In the Council fighting against totalitarian aggression and for collective security were only the representative of Russia and the representative of Spain. Nobody could tell that story with greater authority than Maxim Litvinov, but his official position prevents him from doing so. I, on the contrary, am perfectly free to establish the inevitable comparisons between San Francisco and Geneva.

For me the most important task in the creation of a new security organization is rigidly to maintain the principle that no nation whose political regime makes it unfit to work for peace should be admitted to membership. No fascist state can be taken in without endangering the whole structure. By the

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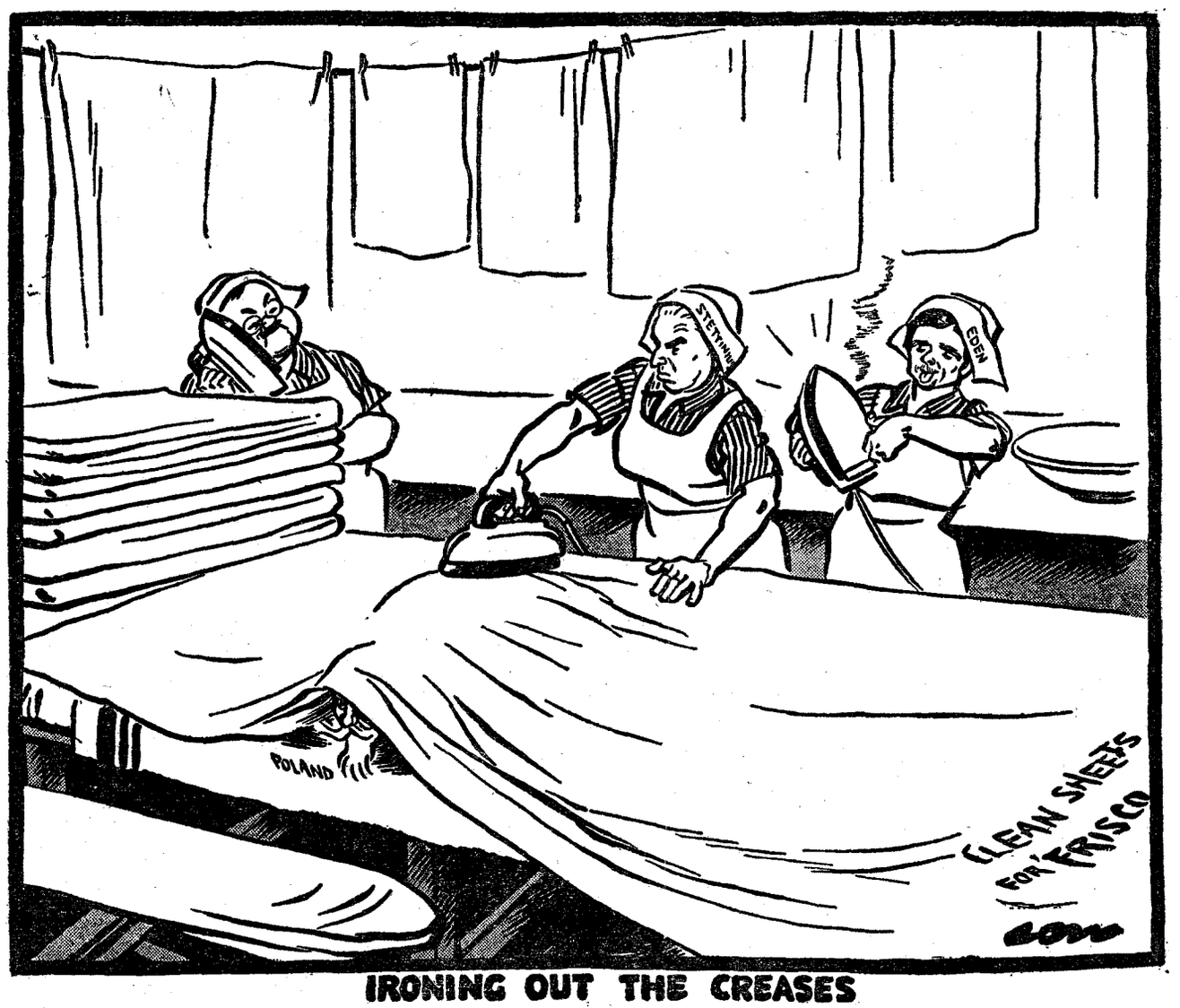
simple fact of being fascist, every fascist state is potentially an aggressor, and Geneva offers conclusive evidence that to attempt to hold together aggressors and non-aggressors is to paralyze the machinery of peace.

Even after Germany and Italy left the League, not because they were expelled but because they felt they could prepare for war more comfortably outside than in, even then the Council was paralyzed by the fear of offending them. Addressing the Council in 1938, I said bluntly: "Here the friends of the League are continually sacrificed to its enemies. It would seem as if we had only one aim—to make happy those who are engaged in destroying the League and peace." In the secret meetings of the Council, in the conversation of its members, in the innumerable intrigues of the Secretary General, Joseph Avenol, one of the greatest living war criminals, even more than in the public discussions, it was evident that the insane desire to win back Hitler and Mussolini condemned the League to inaction and discredit. The deserters from the League dominated it even in their absence. In the Assembly and even in the Council Hitler and Mussolini had their quislings. It made no difference whether they were little quislings or big ones. They became the vehicles of all maneuvers, the rallying points of all defeatist tendencies. In each commission, in the secretariat, throughout the various chancelleries, their poison spread. At the most crucial moments of decision the Council put off its meetings as a result of these maneuvers. One could not get the draft of a resolution drawn up without its content becoming known in fascist capitals before the Council could make a decision. The expression "fifth column" was coined in Spain, but in 1936 Mussolini had already used his fifth column in the League, and its chief, Pierre Laval, to ruin the first serious attempt to apply sanctions against an aggressor.

Until Munich the League could still have regained strength and used it against aggressors. It has been said many times, but one must repeat it this May, 1945, when a new organization is coming to life: it was not the defects of the Covenant, not the lack of an international police force, not the voting procedures, but the capital vice of attempting to maintain the peace by working with the aggressors that produced the tragic failure of Geneva.

That is why in San Francisco the question of the admission of Argentina is of much greater significance than are the problems of multiple voting, of the rights of small nations, or even of trusteeship. These are all most important, but any error committed in regard to these matters can be made good later on. The recognition of a country ruled by a regime like that of Perón and Farrell can hardly be made good.




IRONING OUT THE CREASES

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With the admission of Argentina, fascism is admitted to the peace organization. The war, which President Roosevelt said was waged "to secure the destruction of fascist tyranny," misses its chief aim.

In view of all the maneuvers going on to take in Argentina, it was not surprising that the word fascism was not pronounced a single time at the inaugural session, as it was not at Geneva. In every motion adopted by the Council in regard to the act of aggression I fought to have the aggressor mentioned by name. I never succeeded. The names Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy, whose armies had invaded Spain, a member of the League, were never spelled out. Since the majority of the bosses desired only to win back Hitler and Mussolini, they refused to name them even in a weak resolution of reproach. Similarly those who are working for the admission of Argentina believe that to use the word fascism would show a lack of international courtesy.

Again, as at Geneva, "friends are sacrificed to enemies." The friend of the United Nations, the Argentina we should welcome into the new organization, is exiled in Montevideo or shut up in prisons and concentration camps (conditions in these camps were recently described in *The Nation* by John W. White and were such that the security organization would be justified in appointing a special committee of investigation to report on them). This democratic Argentina includes the people who intend to go into the streets on the day of the fall of Berlin in spite of the government's threat to use violence to suppress any demonstration.

If the Argentina of the Perón government is taken in, the precedent created will be fatal. One fascist state will be followed by another. The admission of Argentina would give great encouragement to Franco to continue the farce of democratization. Already we know that Franco has other reasons to feel encouraged. Indeed, it is time to speak the entire truth. Within the last few weeks very influential British conservatives have again come to the conclusion that Franco must be kept in power, and in this effort the American ambassador is warmly cooperating. Of course they would have preferred Don Juan, but the poor reception given his manifesto has convinced them that the hour of monarchy in Spain has passed. They would accept a General Arenda, a Maura, or another intermediate figure. What they do not want is power in the hands of the people of Spain, united and as firm in their anti-fascist convictions as during the years of war. They do not want Spanish Republican unity, and they are doing everything in their power today to prevent Republican leaders who want unity and can achieve unity from meeting and working together.

I know how these Tories are talking now. They talk as they did in the best days of appeasement, on the eve of the Munich betrayal. They say, "We don't want the Russians west of Gibraltar." To them it is not so important that the Nazis are already west of Gibraltar inside Spain. The main thing is to keep the Spanish "reds" from ruling the country. As in 1938, as at Geneva, to prevent the Spanish people from holding a well-merited seat in the new security organization these people will be ready when the proper moment arrives to put Franco in that seat. Not now; there are already too many headaches at San Francisco. Later. For the moment Argentina will be enough.

# *The "Discovery" of Buchenwald*

BY ALAN BARTH

*Washington, April 27*

THERE is always a danger in war that the culture of the conquered will prevail. This is particularly true of a culture that is debased. For war, which is itself a denial and debasement of civilization, sets in motion a curious variation of Gresham's Law on currency: inferior values tend to drive civilized values out of circulation. We have successfully overcome Nazi arms; we have yet to prove ourselves invulnerable to Nazi ideas.

One of the dominant Nazi ideas is the doctrine of German racial supremacy. This doctrine was used to justify all the hideous acts of savagery within Germany which have lately come to light. It was quite in order for the master race to torture, starve, and exterminate such inferior creatures as Poles and Russians and stateless European Jews. Indeed, the savagery was not widely recognized as sadism until we discovered its application to French and British and even American prisoners of war. Now, strangely and ironically, we are beginning ourselves to interpret this savagery in racist terms. Some people in reacting to recently disclosed German war crimes attribute them directly to defects in German genes. Here we have the typical Nazi confusion between race and nationality; the assumption of German racial inferiority is as unintelligent as the Nazi doctrine of racial supremacy.

This sort of thinking was implicit in a recent statement by Representative Ed Izac of California, a member of the House committee which will inspect prison camps in Germany. The German atrocities, he told a reporter, could not be laid solely at the door of the Nazi system or of Hitler. Rather, he said, they were the result of something innate in the German people. Perhaps Representative Leonard Hall of New York suffered from a similar confusion after viewing the horrors of Buchenwald. "You have to see Buchenwald," he said, "to realize fully what debased beasts the Germans are."

Representative Luce, on the same occasion, was enigmatic. "The most important thing to remember," she declared, "is that this could happen to us in twenty years. Only a few years ago some were talking about there being good German people. After seeing this, one wonders whether there is good in any German people."

One also wonders, if this could happen to us in twenty years, whether there is good in any Americans. And one

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knows, when one thinks of Georgia chain gangs and Florida sweat boxes and riots in Detroit and West Coast attacks on Americans of Japanese ancestry, that Mrs. Luce is quite right—it could happen here. No people is altogether without elements of savagery and sadism. These elements are sublimated or unleashed, depending on the cultural environment.

The most important thing to remember, Mrs. Luce might have said, is that the horrors she witnessed were manifestations of German culture—that is to say, of Nazi culture, which has become the dominant culture of Germany. It is true enough, as Mr. Hall observed, that the Germans, or at any rate those responsible for the horrors, are "debased beasts." But it is vital to understand that the debasement stems from the ideas and values with which those Germans were indoctrinated, not from any biological peculiarity. To understand this is in no sense to condone their guilt; it is merely to distinguish the real root of the evil. The distinction is essential if we are to overcome the problem they present. The evil that men do undoubtedly lives after them; but there is scarcely a biologist outside of what is left of Hitler's Reich who would hold that it lives in the chromosomes and is genetically transmitted.

The way in which men who have plenary power treat those who are in their hands and helpless is as good a criterion as any of their civilization. We may justly call the Germans debased because they used their power over prisoners bestially. But we had better be on guard against the contagion of debasement when we hear talk of retaliation against the German prisoners now in our possession. The record of the War Department in this connection, it should be noted, has been exemplary.

Nearly all the stir about "pampering" our prisoners of war has come from civilians. And it is generally from sheltered and delicately nurtured folk that one hears the suggestion that after the German army has been beaten we ought to let the Poles and Czechs and Russians wreak the bloody vengeance they are presumed to desire on the German populace. As a rule, to be sure, the sponsors of this idea prefer to have their rapine committed by foreigners, as though they recognized it to be, somehow, slightly un-American. One is reminded of C. E. Montague's observation that "hell hath no fury like a non-combatant."

Perhaps the outstanding sample of racist reasoning was offered a couple of weeks ago by Paul V. McNutt. He remarked in the course of a speech at Chattanooga that he was in favor of "extermination of the Japanese—in toto." Asked if he meant extermination of the Japanese army or of the people, he replied that he referred to "the people." Mr. McNutt, no doubt, thinks of the Japanese as uncivilized.

We have waged this most serious of all wars, on the whole, with notable sobriety. The national hysteria which accompanied our participation in World War I has not this time tainted our attitude to all things German, although it has been reflected in our treatment of Japanese Americans. But hysteria sometimes comes when the battle is ended, as a release from tension. That is when its dangers are greatest, for it may subvert the values for which we fought. Ideas are the last weapon remaining to the Nazis, but the weapon is a powerful one.

# *From the Record*

[*The concentration camp has been a standard part of the Nazi apparatus from the beginning. The following descriptions, published by* The Nation, *forecast the discovery of Buchenwald.*]

CRIMES HAVE BEEN COMMITTED whose very magnitude stifles protest because the mind is stunned into incredulity. It was weeks before the atrocities of the Brown Terror became known to the outside world, simply because the editors of responsible papers abroad could not believe that even their picked reporters were not being misinformed or carried away by their own emotions. It must be categorically stated that even today there is no conception of the barbarism which has prevailed and which *still continues.*—*August 2, 1933.*

A YOUNG GERMAN told me this story. . . . "Three months ago they arrested a man in East Prussia. They found my address among his papers. The next morning I was in a concentration camp. The S. A. asked me what I knew. I said that I hadn't participated in revolutionary activity since such activity became illegal. That was an 'unsatisfactory' answer. So they beat me for three hours until I crumpled up on the floor. Then they took me away from the concentration camp to a special station for torturing stubborn prisoners. I was carried into a small room with only a bed in it. The door to the main room was slightly open. I could hear the wails and screams of a man who was also 'stubborn'—he was refusing to betray his comrades. After two hours I heard him break down. He whispered the names of two men, very faintly. The S. A. brought him in and threw him on the bed, smeared all over with blood. Then they took me in."—EVELYN LAWRENCE, *September 5, 1934.*

THREE HOURS at Esterwegen change a man from a normal product of twentieth-century culture into the lowest of creatures, helplessly exposed to shame and brutality. Pity him who is sentenced to "dark arrest" for weeks. These poor devils are bound with chains and left in the dark. They can neither sit nor lie. Their arms and feet become swollen and infected. Only every third day do they get the usual prison fare; the rest of the time they have only bread and water. And they are subject to frightful tortures. The silence of the night is shattered by their cries. The prisoners, used to suffering and mistreatment, grow pale and tremble when they hear their screams.—JOHANN SCHMIDT, *September 12, 1936.*

THE GHASTLY HORRORS of the German concentration camps, related in the new British White Paper, cannot, unhappily, be written off as baseless war-time propaganda. Incredible as the facts may seem, they have been confirmed all too amply by other sources. . . . With documents of this kind in its archives, how was it possible for the British government to maintain for so long that there was nothing in the nature of the Hitler regime which precluded a deal, or even friendship, between the two countries?—*November 11, 1939.*

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# New Hope for the Jewish People

BY SUMNER WELLES

THE tragic decades through which we have just passed constitute the blackest period of modern history. Little by little we have seen vanish almost every one of those standards of international conduct and of humane civilization which had gradually been built up during preceding centuries. We have seen the entire face of the earth burst into the mightiest conflagration that peoples have ever known. We have seen warfare assume the most frightful guise which mankind has ever yet devised. But worst of all, we have seen humanity itself sink to its lowest level.

The crimes committed by the Nazis and by their accomplices against the Jewish people are indelible stains upon the whole of our modern civilization. They are stains which will shame our generation in the eyes of generations still unborn. For we and our governments, to which we have intrusted power during these years between the Great Wars, cannot shake off the responsibility for having permitted the growth of world conditions which made such horrors possible. The democracies cannot lightly attempt to shirk their responsibility. No recompense can be offered the dead. The effort today to right the wrongs which have been committed will be of all too little avail to the bereft, to the orphans, to the homeless, and to the wanderers on the face of the earth. But such measure of recompense as can be offered surely constitutes the moral obligation of the free peoples of the earth as soon as their victory is won. And that measure of recompense lies in the assumption by all the United Nations of the obligation to make such reparation as is still possible to the sufferers, wherever they may be found.

Seven years ago Franklin Roosevelt was the only chief of state who saw with clear vision what the needs of the future would be. True humanitarian that he was, he assumed the leadership in creating the Inter-Governmental Committee on Refugees, which was intended to become the sheltering arm of the democracies for millions of distressed human beings. After it was set up the committee encountered vast practical difficulties when it undertook to cope with the tragic problem placed under its jurisdiction. That it has failed to accomplish any substantial portion of the duties with which it was charged cannot be denied. Certainly in some instances its efforts brought about the escape to places of refuge of some of the persecuted, but the number of persons saved pales into insignificance when compared with the number of those who perished. The creation of the committee, however, at least accomplished one great objective. That was the establishment, through the participation of many governments in the committee, of the principle of collective international responsibility. It seems to me that at this moment that is a principle which none of us can permit to fall into abeyance.

For that reason I have greatly welcomed the proposals put forward by many democratic organizations urging the Conference of the United Nations at San Francisco to designate international commissions to frame an International Bill of Rights, to deal with the problem of migrations, and to cope with the great question of those who have no present national status. These basic issues are truly international. They can never be fairly or permanently solved save through a sincere, wise, and common effort on the part of all the United Nations. They are issues which vitally affect the very foundation of the new world order we must create.

I firmly believe, and I am confident that enlightened public opinion throughout the United Nations will also maintain, that one of the immediate responsibilities to be assumed by the international organization, as soon as it is established, must be the carrying out of effective plans to take care of the refugees who have been driven from their homes by Nazi persecution, so that they may be afforded the opportunity of living out their lives in safety and with every possible chance to find security and happiness. It is regrettable to find some in authority in other countries already insisting that all that is required is to make it possible for these refugees to return to the places of their origin, safely and without fear of renewed persecution. Under the conditions which today exist we all of us know that that is not enough.

When refugees who have been cast adrift by the tides of war wish to return to their original homes, they must, of course, be given not only full assurance that they can do so but the chance to start life anew in those homes in such a manner as to be secure until they can once again become independent. There are countless numbers of refugees, however, who will not wish to go back to the scenes of horror from which they escaped. And it is the plight of this category which in my judgment constitutes the gravest and most pressing problem.

Some of them undoubtedly will wish to come to the Western Hemisphere or to other new scenes of opportunity. Here again that opportunity can be given to many hundreds of thousands of them if the international organization coordinates common action between the countries which are underpopulated and which wish to encourage desirable immigration, and the agency which must supervise the settlement of refugees. I cannot overemphasize my conviction that if coordinated action is not undertaken, and measures are not carried out through intergovernmental action to tide these immgrants from the Old World over the difficult period of their readjustment in new homes, only an infinitesimal part of the needed rehabilitation work will be satisfactorily accomplished.

For it is evident that unless this flow of immigration is regulated, and safeguarded by competent agencies of the international organization through the negotiation of practical and individual arrangements with each government which desires suitable immigration, harm rather than good will result. The unregulated flow of unselected and destitute emigrants, under

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post-war conditions, to new and undeveloped regions will inevitably stir up new difficulties and new frictions. By the negotiation of agreements between the international agency and each government which wishes to stimulate desirable immigration, however, such dangers can be guarded against. In this way the immigrants will be qualified for the new homes to which they go; they will not be a charge upon local communities during the months before they can become self-supporting; and they will have a fair chance to grow into useful and welcome citizens of the land which offers them a new life.

Finally, of course, there is that great number of refugees who will wish to find shelter in the homeland of Palestine.

Among the vital questions which must imperatively be solved, justly and practically, when the international organization is established and peace settlements are made, there are few which possess such intrinsic significance and at the same time hold so many elements of danger as those involved in the decisions which must be reached with regard to Palestine. In the whole of the world today I know of no other region which contains so many potentially explosive forces as that area of the world in the center of which Palestine is located. That sacred spot, from which stems the civilization of our Western World and the civilization of vast reaches of other continents, must never again find itself submerged in the whirlpool of antagonistic rivalries. Those who, like myself, know that the establishment of an independent Palestine as a National Jewish Homeland is an ideal which represents the spiritual conviction of many millions of people throughout the earth, and who also believe that it is an objective inherently right and just, cannot but be profoundly concerned over some of the political developments of recent times.

But I would be remiss were I not to take this opportunity to say once more what I have already publicly stated—that the views which Dr. Weizmann has expressed as to the manner in which this great objective can best be eventually attained are views which seem to me to be wholly sound and altogether wise. Dr. Weizmann has demonstrated the highest qualities of statesmanship. I think that he has never better demonstrated those qualities than in the various public statements which he has had occasion to make during the past few months.

I do not think that the creation of the Commonwealth of Palestine can ever be advanced by violence, or by the threat of force. On the contrary, I am convinced that the attainment of that objective will thereby only be retarded. I am further confident that only through the initial creation of an international trusteeship over Palestine by the coming international organization to replace the present British mandate will a just solution of the problem of Palestine be effectively furthered.

For the purpose of advancing world stability and increasing the effectiveness of world organization, I am a believer, as I have often said, in the establishment of regional systems of states under the supreme authority of a universal international organization. If a Pan-Arab League is now established under the supreme authority of an international organization for the purpose of furthering the legitimate political, cultural, and economic interests of the people of the Arab states, and if the functioning of that league demonstrates that those are in fact the sole objectives sought, I would most certainly regard the creation of such a regional system as of great positive value in the world to come. But if such a league is founded in part as a means of exercising greater pressure against the realization of that kind of solution for the problem of Palestine which I have long upheld, its functioning must inevitably result in further hostility in this already sadly distraught world.

If, however, the international organization exercises a trusteeship over Palestine during a transitional period, until all outstanding international problems in the Near East can be equitably solved and the Commonwealth of Palestine can be prepared to enjoy its independence, I would regard the entrance of Palestine, during that transitional period, into some form of economic federation with its neighbors—with Syria, the Lebanon, and Transjordania, for instance—as a development which would be wholly wise and wholly desirable.

Some of us have read in recent years able technical works which demonstrate, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the tremendous development of Palestine which can be effected by the scientific use of its natural resources. By the proper utilization of these resources, many hundreds of thousands of additional persons can profitably be assimilated into the body politic of Palestine. And many of us are equally convinced that if Palestine and its neighbors formed the type of federation to which I have referred, not only could a far greater utilization be made of water and power resources, but large development projects similar in character to our own successful experiment in the Tennessee Valley could be advantageously carried out.

This is not the moment for me even to touch upon the highly intricate and controversial question of the relationship of the Jews and Arabs at present within Palestine. That, it seems to me, is a problem which can undoubtedly be solved in a spirit of justice as soon as the main lines of an over-all solution are established. But certainly upon one point I am confident, and that is that should the international organization, as I so earnestly hope, establish an international trusteeship over Palestine, the number of Jewish immigrants permitted entry into Palestine would in the future be limited solely by the capacity of the land profitably to take care of them.

It may be that direct negotiations with a view to the settlement of these basic questions can be successfully carried out between Jewish leaders and the leaders of the Arab world. In my considered judgment every possible effort should be made to advance such negotiations. But they should be undertaken only under the auspices and with the assistance of the international organization. The great powers must press for the success of such negotiations. By doing so they will provide the best assurance that a just, and a final, solution will be found.

These are the immediate issues as I see them. We can but recognize that, until they are settled, one of the greatest and most difficult problems of the world will remain unsolved. It is not too much to say that, until it is solved, the peaceful, the stable, and the progressive world which we envisage will not exist.

And here again is one of the great questions in which the

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government of the United States, within the world organization to come, must exercise its effective leadership. Our country has no selfish interests at stake. It can here utilize its unquestioned influence to bring about the creation of a new member of the family of nations, a member which at the same time will be one of the oldest of them all. It can here once more give evidence of its devotion to the cause of international justice as the surest foundation of world peace.

[*This article is taken from a speech delivered by Mr. Welles on April 16 before the New York chapter of Hadassah.*]

# *Canol, the War's Epic Blunder*

BY EDWARD A. HARRIS

THE sorriest chapter of the American war effort on the home front has just been completed with the casual announcement by the War Department that the $134,000,000 Canol (Canadian oil) project will be discontinued by next June 30. The decision to abandon the whole undertaking was reached "because of the anticipated improvement of the tanker situation, as well as the greatly improved military position of the Alaskan area supplied by the refinery, in the light of American progress in the Pacific war." Thus hundreds of miles of pipe line, laid by thousands of troops and American laborers, are being abandoned in the army's most colossal blunder. Despite the attempt of the War Department to whitewash the whole affair, the story of Canol contains certain pertinent lessons that should serve as warnings in the future.

As late as December, 1943, testifying before the Truman investigating committee, Lieutenant General Brehon B. Somervell, chief of the Army Service Forces, said the project should not only be completed but expanded. He expressed sharp disagreement with Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes and others who urged its abandonment without spending any more of the taxpayers' money. Now, three years after the project was started and less than a year after oil and high-octane gasoline began pouring through the pipes to fuel our air bases in Alaska, General Somervell is in full accord with the decision to write it off as a bad investment.

Somervell admitted that he had authorized the venture on the basis of a one-page memorandum submitted to him by his dollar-a-year civilian technical adviser, Dean James H. Graham of the University of Kentucky School of Engineering. He said frankly that he agreed with Graham's testimony before the committee that "from an economic standpoint the whole project was cockeyed from the beginning," but explained that early in 1942 the military situation looked perilous and military expediency dictated Canol.

He told the Senators further that at the time he gave the green light to the project his time schedule called for completion of the 600-mile line from Norman Wells in Canada to White Horse and construction of a refinery there by the fall of 1942. "I knew that the time schedule was very optimistic," he went on. "In fact, I knew it couldn't be done." The Joint Chiefs of Staff did not approve the enterprise until October 26, 1943; this, of course, was after the Truman committee had announced its intention of making a probe.

Canol was really a combination of two projects. The first was for the construction of storage and docking facilities for oil products and pipe lines for their distribution at a cost of $35,000,000. The second, involving a total expenditure of $99,000,000, included the prospecting for oil and development of new wells in the vicinity of Norman Wells at a cost of $17,000,000; construction of a 600-mile four-inch pipe line to transport 3,000 barrels of petroleum a day from Norman Wells to White Horse, at a cost of $31,000,000; the transfer of a refinery from Corpus Christi, Texas, to White Horse, in Yukon Territory, at a cost of $24,000,000; and the construction of winter and summer transportation facilities for freight over the Great Slave Lake–Mackenzie River route at a cost of $27,000,000.

One cannot take issue with General Somervell's insistence that the perilous military situation in the Far East dictated the launching of the project. Major General T. M. Robins, deputy chief of United States Army Engineers, after studying Somervell's original directive, commented that ten times the volume of oil delivery contemplated under the project could be made by barges and tankers available on United States rivers at one-tenth the cost and effort of Canol, but when the phrase "military expediency" is raised in war time, the door is presumably closed to civilian criticism. No one could question, for example, the statement of Under Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson before the Truman committee in November, 1943, that the success of Canol might determine the "size and extent" of an air offensive aimed at the heart of the Japanese Empire.

But in the light of the record it is not only permissible but important to point to some of the glaring errors that were made once the project was decided upon. Never satisfactorily answered before the committee were the following questions: Why was the refinery built at White Horse, in Canada, instead of at Fairbanks, Alaska, where it would have been better placed for the war against Japan? Why did General Somervell rely on a one-page memorandum from a technical adviser in deciding to start the project, and why did the Joint Chiefs of Staff, as late as the fall of 1943, refuse to turn over to the Truman committee their "confidential file" on the undertaking? Why was Ickes not consulted in advance? Why did Somervell ignore the pipe-line route advised by the noted Arctic explorer, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, who Patterson said had "fathered" the Canol idea and who told the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* that his simpler, less costly route would have placed the refinery in Alaska? Why was a four-inch pipe line built from Norman Wells to White Horse instead of a pipe line of greater capacity? And, finally, why was the contract between our government and Imperial Oil, Ltd., a Canadian company that is controlled by Standard Oil of New Jersey, so drawn that the War Department was obliged belatedly to take steps to safeguard our interests?

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The final report of the Truman committee pointed out that Imperial Oil controlled an "oil field" at Norman Wells consisting of five wells, two of which were dry at the time the War Department contracted with Imperial for expansion and development of the field. Imperial furnished nothing for the $1.25 we paid per barrel of oil except the right to drill on its property, subject to its supervision. "The $1.25 per barrel," said the report, "is in substance a royalty, and should be contrasted with royalties of about 15 to 20 cents per barrel paid for oil in the United States. The contract is really too favorable to Imperial Oil, because in addition to being paid the royalty, Imperial Oil, at the end of the war, will own the wells drilled and the oil reserves proved at the expense of the United States." The report also pointed out that the contract failed to contain the usual provision requiring renegotiation under the Renegotiation Act.

An agreement reached with the Canadian government at the start of the project provided that the crude-oil pipe line and refinery would be appraised at the close of the war, and that Canada would be given first option to purchase the property at the appraised value. It was specified that if Canada failed to exercise the option, the property could be sold to any other bidder. Since the Canadian government already has indicated its disinclination to take up the option, Standard Oil, through its Canadian subsidiary, will presumably be in a position to acquire the pipe line and refinery at a fraction of their actual construction costs. With title to the wells and proved reserves at Norman Wells automatically reverting to Imperial Oil at the end of the war, this fortunate company will find itself in an enviable oil-producing position in Canada. Yet it is one of the anomalies of the entire bizarre Canol episode that technicians of Standard Oil advised the War Department against the undertaking three years ago. The "unfavorable" provisions in the contracts with the oil company and the Canadian government, said the Truman report, were inserted, not because those parties to the contract "were greedy and sought to take advantage" of the United States, but on the suggestion of the War Department.

In retrospect it becomes painfully clear that Canol was ill conceived and ill executed, and that responsible War Department officials clung stubbornly to their mistake. Even as the sponge is tossed in, with the announcement that operations will cease in June, there is no confession that a staggering blunder was made, and persisted in, despite repeated warnings by the Truman committee, by Ickes, and even by the Navy Department, which frowned on the undertaking from the start. The story of Canol, in short, is an indictment of decisions based on one-man snap judgments, of the unwillingness of the War Department to seek the advice of other government officials more familiar with the matter under discussion, and of the obstinacy that army men so often exhibit when they can use the excuse of "military security." After Canol the country is poorer but wiser.

The futility of the Canol undertaking is all the more deplorable in view of the rich possibilities in the full development of Alaska and the Canadian Northwest. The region not only contains great pools of oil but is certain to become of tremendous importance as the new air gateway to Asia and northern Europe. "Go north, young man," may well become the modern substitute for Greeley's historic advice.

# *In the Wind*

HERE ARE SOME FIGURES (1) for those who grumble about rationing and (2) for those who hint darkly that the bureaucrats are shipping most of our meat to Canada. The Department of Agriculture's "Report on the National Food Situation" shows that meat consumption in the United States last year was 147 pounds per person; in Canada, where meat is not rationed, consumption was 138.8 pounds per person.

FORMER CONGRESSMAN Martin L. Sweeney of Ohio celebrated his sixtieth birthday on April 16 by denouncing "British imperialism" for "dragging my country into war," at a meeting of the Intelligent Voters' League in Cleveland. He received birthday greetings from Gerald L. K. Smith, Senator Burton K. Wheeler, and William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor.

ADVERTISEMENT in the Lincolnshire, England, *Chronicle*: "Owner of tractor . . . wishes to correspond with widow who owns a modern Foster thresher; object matrimony; send photograph of machine."

I. J. FOX, the New York furrier who used to advertise by sky-writing before the war put a stop to such use of airplanes, recently started advertising war bonds that way at the request of the Treasury Department. So many protests poured in, however, that he has dropped the idea.

A SURVEY of 150 soldiers discharged in New York City revealed that only 13 were still able to get into their old civilian clothes.

WEST IS WEST: The January 21 issue of the *Forum*, an Indian nationalist weekly published in Bombay, has just reached us. This is from its review of M.-G.-M.'s "Kismet"; "A part of 'Kismet' is meant to be purely sex-appeal business. . . . Marlene Dietrich is now too old a dame for all this. . . . [It] is a hotch-potch of romance and Oriental splendor. . . . The whole bunch of Western players should not have been made to play Easterners' roles."

LEGISLATIVE MEMO: The $500,000 appropriation of the FEPC will expire June 30, and the next fiscal year begins July 1. Representative Clarence Cannon of Missouri is chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, which is now pondering the question whether to renew the FEPC's funds. . . . The House Judiciary Committee, headed by Hatton W. Sumners of Texas, is sitting on H. R. 7, a bill to outlaw the poll tax. The committee will have to let the House vote on the bill if 218 Representatives sign a petition for the bill's release. At this writing the petition has 178 signatures. Senator Claude Pepper of Florida has promised to introduce a companion measure in the Senate if the House passes H. R. 7.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. We will pay $1 for each item accepted.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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# *Athens Calling*

BY HAL LEHRMAN

*Athens, April 24*

IN THE six months since its liberation Greece has had three governments and sixty-one Cabinet ministers. The country's biggest business is politics. Very little else is done. Prices are astronomical, wages microscopic. The war-shattered economy is moaning for first aid but getting only large doses of political oratory. Some 150 persons have been killed by the rightest terror since the Varkiza accord of February 12, and according to the E. A. M. 7,500 have been killed. The truce which followed last winter's civil war, when 11,000 persons died and $250,000,000 worth of property was destroyed, has suffered too much violation through pro-fascist lawlessness abetted by official indifference to continue to be a sound international investment for a Balkan peace.

If the Yalta decision concerning liberated territories means anything at all, the place to apply it is Greece, and the time is now. President Roosevelt told Congress in his last message that Britain, Russia, and the United States had agreed "to join together during the temporary period of post-hostilities to help the liberated peoples solve their [political, economic] problems through democratic processes." Greece certainly has tremendous problems. And no democratic processes are operating. Moreover, it is torn by complex feuds which may explode at any moment into fresh hostilities.

The highest American official observers here during the first days of the December uprising were convinced that further bloodshed could be avoided only by an Anglo-American or tri-power commission. They still hold this opinion. So do many Greeks of various persuasions. The leftists have long been demanding an international inquiry into Greek affairs, and one of the unpublicized acts of the late government of General Plastiras, who was no leftist, was to ask the British to arrange for tripartite supervision of the plebiscite which was to decide between the monarchy and a republic.

In terms of United Nations policy, unilateral intervention in Greece has failed. This is not intended as British-baiting. The individual Briton in Greece is sick of the whole adventure and would like to get out. Official British policy is the usual muddle, whether its purpose is still to restore the monarchy—as only a few now believe—or to settle for any regime favorable to British strategic interests, or merely to establish order so that the Greeks may choose the form of government they like. The British brought back Plastiras from exile and billed him as an impartial strong man. Everyone else in Greece knew that Plastiras was a good general and king-hater but not a good politician. He appointed men to office because they had been his republican friends twenty years ago, ignoring their subsequent political divergences and the question of their fitness. As a result, right and left began to assail him, especially the royalists because he refused to set an early date for the plebiscite. The British found him "inconvenient." A fortnight ago, under cover of a scurrilous monarchist charge that he had been pro-Nazi in 1941, Plastiras was fired. The circumstances indicated British pressure on Regent Damaskinos—which automatically made Plastiras a popular hero again and Ambassador Leeper a villain. If the royalist maneuver had been ignored, there is reason to believe that the Regent would have dismissed Plastiras later anyway. Damaskinos, who is credited with anti-royalist sentiments himself, feared the Premier's lack of suppleness might eventually provoke a genuine crisis and really upset the republican apple cart. But the British were blamed.

Whom did they select to succeed Plastiras in the work of soothing the country and preparing for the plebiscite? Admiral Voulgaris, whose last noteworthy deed was the suppression of the Alexandria mutiny in April, 1944! The choice again underlines London's penchant for somersaults: the Admiral was once prominent in Churchill's little black book because of his dubious activities in the Middle East, particularly his connection with the Greek arms manufacturer Athanassiadis Bodossakis, whom the British locked up for a spell.

One item in the British program, however, is difficult to explain as mere confusion. The Greek army is now being reconstructed with the aid of a British military mission, and the British are furnishing first-rate modern equipment; during the recent Independence Day celebration a display of mechanized armor and pursuit planes dazzled the Athenian crowds. The Greek General Staff is methodically welding this army into a political weapon, loading it with royalists from the ranks to the top command. Quisling security battalions and monarchist mountain and sacred brigades are being incorporated en masse. Eighteen to twenty-six of the brigade colonels of the National Guard are royalists. Conscripts suspected of an E. L. A. S. taint are rejected for "medical" reasons; former E. L. A. S. officers are not given even that excuse.

National guardsmen sent to the provinces to restore "order" have been responsible for innumerable acts of violence. The Communist press may exaggerate, but enough instances have been authenticated to justify the charge that E. A. M. adherents, republicans, and sometimes just plain people who neglect to adorn their homes with the King's portrait are being arrested, beaten, and even murdered. When the guardsmen themselves do not join in the man hunt, they and the local gendarmerie look the other way while illegal pro-fascist bands smash printing presses, burn organizational headquarters, and torture non-converts. (Among these bands is the notorious gang called "X," after the two crossed gammas which are the initials of George and his Glücksberg dynasty.) Peasants are taking to the hills as in the days of the Germans.

If the terror is less evident in Athens, it is only because the capital is larger than a village. I saw the fresh blood-stains on an Athenian sidewalk where Michael Milos, owner of a coffee house, was shot dead by X-men in the middle of

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the day because he had Communist papers in his possession. Last Wednesday police, escorted by armed civilians, arrested my friend Statis Someritis, liberal Socialist leader, because he had a rusty Italian pistol in his home. These are characteristic, not isolated, incidents. But collaborationists stroll about freely or continue to hold high posts.

During the Plastiras regime officials dismissed reports of terrorism as Communist propaganda. The Voulgaris government at least admits "a number of incidents throughout the country." The police have been vainly instructed to protect the sale of left-wing newspapers. The Premier has shaken a menacing finger at pro-royalist political associations within the army. But no effective measures have been taken or are planned; and rightist violence is still explained as the natural reaction to earlier E. A. M. excesses. Though such excesses have been magnified in the telling, it is undeniable that atrocities did occur. They were committed, however, during the civil war and largely by uncontrollable criminal elements, and do not justify official toleration of a nation-wide vendetta.

The Voulgaris Cabinet, composed of technicians and university professors, is a service government without party roots. It is a stop-gap until the plebiscite. The royalists are demanding a plebiscite within three months in order to profit by the popular reaction against the December disorders. The republicans, expecting a renewed democratic trend once the memories of December have faded, protest that a plebiscite cannot be arranged quickly. Electoral lists must first be drawn up—and Greece has not gone to the polls for more than ten years. Communications are still paralyzed. Tens of thousands of refugees must be returned home. Many districts lack adequate police and administration. The Voulgaris government, which represents nothing save expediency, may go down in the struggle over the plebiscite's date.

The Greeks, it is said, would spend less time on politics if they had more work. Four-fifths of the country's pre-war industrial workers are jobless. Anticipated 1945 agricultural production is 40 per cent of normal. Confidence in the national currency is nil. The value of the gold sovereign, established by military fiat at 2,400 drachmas, reached 10,000 this week. These sovereigns could be bought for $20 in Cairo and sold for $60 in Athens. Factories lack raw materials and machines lack power. Farms need plows, chemicals, and draft animals; half the animals in the country were killed during the war. Industry and agriculture alike need transport; in all Greece less than a dozen locomotives of ancient vintage are operating over a few miles of surviving track; yesterday's newspaper said that the government had "asked the UNRRA for trucks and iron bridges." Unless the powers contribute several days of their war budgets as a free gift to Greece the UNRRA is its only hope. But the UNRRA agreed to furnish supplies and let the government distribute them. The mechanism for this was set up after long negotiation, and then Plastiras fell. Now the whole process must begin again.

Without a stable government Greek economy cannot revive. Unless the people can make a reasonably free choice between monarchy and republic, no Greek government can be stable. Without benevolent Allied joint intervention no plebiscite can be minimally safe or honest. A loud silence greeted the Stettinius statement that the Greeks had consulted the British ambassador during the Plastiras crisis but not the American. Our habit of offering criticism while avoiding responsibility is resented. As for the Russians, they named

**YOU MUST HAVE SOMETHING THAT WILL FIT**

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a minister to Athens but sent him to Brussels. It does no good to point cynically to the situation in Bucharest or Sofia or the Polish morass. Greece is the test par excellence of future peace. Here Britain and the Soviet Union are squarely face to face, and America is there to link their hands. Athens is where Yalta should begin.

# *Behind the Enemy Line*

BY ARGUS

CONCENTRATION camps were established in Germany in 1933, immediately after the Nazis came to power. In the twelve years that have passed since then the horrible conditions in these camps were always well known. Hundreds of books, reports, and signed and sworn-to documents gave a detailed picture of the tortures, the starvation, the murders in such camps as Buchenwald, Esterwegen, and Dachau. The authenticity of these accounts was finally recognized officially: in the winter of 1939-40 the British government published a White Paper in which were collected a number of the most terrible reports.

None of the atrocities which the progressive occupation of these camps has disclosed to a horrified world are therefore really news. It is true that the picture familiar to us for the past twelve years has been filled out with some new details. What one might call the normal standardized horrors were intensified in some camps during the weeks of military collapse. Methods that were once apparently restricted to concentration camps were extended to some camps for war prisoners. But essentially nothing has been uncovered that was not established beyond the shadow of a doubt a long time ago. The indignation and rage, twelve years overdue, which have now broken forth, only prove that people react much more violently to what they see with their own eyes than to what they read about, and are incomparably more outraged by atrocities against their own kind—that is, against American and British prisoners of war—than against foreigners, such as Jews, German political prisoners, and slave workers from the occupied countries.

This belated indignation revives the old unfruitful debate about whether the Nazis alone or all Germans should be blamed for such horrors. One of the last Swedish correspondents to leave Germany, a Mr. Jaegerlund of the Stockholm *Tidningen*, has attracted international attention with some articles vigorously defending the German people. After observing them for twelve years, he holds that they "are far more Christian than their government." He wrote, for example, that "the German people had nothing to do with the persecution of the Jews; everyone living in Germany after 1933 could testify to the reaction of Germans to the anti-Jewish drive." And not only did the average German, according to Mr. Jaegerlund, disapprove of the persecution of the Jews; he was kept in ignorance of what was actually done to them. "After the Jews disappeared from Germany, their extermination proceeded without the public's knowing anything about it. Most Germans never had the least idea what became of the Jews, except that they believed them to be concentrated in large eastern camps. I myself did not know what happened in those camps."

Mr. Jaegerlund's statements were received in Sweden as "an outburst of pro-Germanism" and vehemently contradicted. In America and England only a few cautious voices have been raised in defense of the Germans, but as the war draws to a close and the excitement ebbs, it is easy to foresee that that point of view will find expression. In Russia, if appearances are not deceptive, the former intransigent anti-German attitude, of which Ilya Ehrenburg was the official exponent, has recently been abandoned and a sensationally softer "line" has been adopted.

That not all Germans are Nazis is too obvious to be seriously disputed. Germans not only invented concentration camps but formed their most numerous inmates and victims. Before 1940 there were only Germans, and German Jews, in these butcher pens. That alone, in simple logic, refutes the assertion that all Germans are Nazis. Of course no one can figure out the percentage of non-Nazis among the Germans. There are no statistics on the subject and none can be gathered, for there is no clear-cut dividing line between Nazis and non-Nazis. But however large or however small the percentage of non-Nazis may be, some certainly exist.

The fact, however, has no practical application. The problems to be solved at the end of the war are, first, how to prevent another war, and, second, how to obtain reparations for the damage Germany has done in this one. Whether all Germans or only some Germans are Nazis has no bearing on the solution of these problems. The measures that must be taken to assure protection and compensation will of course hit the relatively guiltless, the non-Nazis, as well as the others, but it has always been true in this imperfect world that collective measures can scarcely ever be taken against a group without the innocent suffering. Indeed, the innocent are often hit by measures against other individuals. Society imprisons an arsonist or an embezzler although terrible suffering is thereby inflicted on his innocent wife and still more innocent children. Consideration for these innocent victims has never influenced lawmakers or courts to forgo action protecting society from arsonists and embezzlers.

Germany is an analogous case. It is quite clear that perfectly innocent non-Nazis are to be found there, in greater or smaller numbers. But it is also clear that in practice this fact cannot be taken into account. The realities of human existence, its incurable imperfections and contradictions, compel the innocent to suffer inescapably along with the guilty.

In some fields, of course, it will be possible to make a distinction between good and bad Germans. When, for example, the battalions are formed which are to furnish reparation in the form of labor, individual innocent non-Nazis should not be mobilized indiscriminately with individual guilty Nazis. All action against individuals can be differentiated. But it is a great error to think that the presence of non-Nazis in Germany should influence the general, collective, national peace regulations. This error arises from the tendency to drag the notion of "guilt and expiation" into a problem which should be regarded as a purely practical one. The understanding and the moral instincts of men cannot be trusted at a time like the present to assign the blame justly in Germany or to determine the proper punishment. Let us content ourselves, more modestly, with finding the right way to obtain protection and compensation.

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# BOOKS *and the* ARTS

## NOTES BY THE WAY

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

*ANGRY PENGUINS,* you will remember, is the Australian magazine which last fall published with great éclat the poems of "Ern Malley," only to discover that both poems and poet had been invented by two Sydney writers, McAuliffe and Stewart, bent on "debunking the modern literary movement." In *Angry Penguins* for December, just received, is another Ern Malley section, in which the editors defend the "substantial correctness of our judgment" and print a series of comments for and against. The section leads off with a cable from Herbert Read:

> I TOO WOULD HAVE BEEN DECEIVED BY ERN MALLEY, BUT HOAXER HOISTED BY OWN PETARD HAS TOUCHED OFF UNCONSCIOUS SOURCES INSPIRATION. WORK TOO SOPHISTICATED BUT HAS ELEMENTS OF GENUINE POETRY.

A. R. Chisholm, dean of the Faculty of Arts and professor of French at Melbourne University, also maintains that the hoaxers hoaxed themselves and "lapsed into poetry more often than they intended"; a psychiatrist rules that the poems were "an unwitting projection of [the] separate secret wishes [of the two inventors], fashioned in the unconscious admiration of a modern surrealist poet," which should put the inventors in their places. Another commentator says the poems which McAuliffe and Stewart wrote for Ern Malley are better than anything of their "own." Several note the glee of the philistines of press and public in using Ern Malley as a stick with which to beat modern literature and art in general. It all adds up to a rather interesting discussion of the writing and judgment of poetry. It doesn't, however, vindicate the perspicacity of Max Harris, one of the editors of *Angry Penguins,* who went so far overboard for Ern Malley. One critic, Dorothy Green, suggests that the editors deserved and were bound to be taken in sooner or later because of their longstanding lack of critical responsibility, which enabled them "to despise those who did not see eye to eye with them" and "to reserve to themselves the last word on all matters of criticism of the arts, while neglecting often to make their criticisms even grammatical." It's quite possible that a little humility might have saved them, first, from mistaking the concoction of McAuliffe and Stewart for authentic poetry, and, second, from proclaiming so dogmatically that it was superior poetry. "The literary life," says Miss Green, "has been too easy for Mr. Harris." Another critic, Nettie Palmer, has this to say:

> We are passing through a period when forms are being loosened or superseded. This places an exceptional responsibility on writers and critics. For unless standards are continually defined and maintained, the escape from the old Latin proverb, "Art is long," may be only toward the other, "The market for monsters is always open."

The Ern Malley affair turns out to have been instructive as well as entertaining. Certainly it does not, as the philistines would have it, discredit modern poetry. It does show how critics like Mr. Harris, who is obviously short on real perception and long on the desire to be way out in front, may be hoist with their own avant-gardism.

SUNDAY HAS ITS DEFENDERS South and North. In Alabama both the Montgomery *Advertiser* and the Gadsden *Times* took me politely to task for my remarks about it, and the Gadsden paper went to the trouble of suggesting how I might spend the day happily. First I mustn't stay up too late the night before, though the editor admitted that "working girls like Miss Marshall will want to indulge themselves some on Saturday night." A leisurely breakfast, the Sunday paper, and a second cup of coffee; then the "rush for church" in my Sunday best. Then Sunday dinner, "which is quite an event in itself." After that a walk or a visit; and at twilight "one can get several friends or kinsmen together for scrambled eggs or waffles, or in case of maiden ladies, perhaps those pale salads they seem to like so much."

A correspondent in New Hampshire is much sterner about my confession to the Sunday neurosis. "It would be too much," he says, "to commend Emerson to you after your sad and contemptuous reference to Sunday. And yet it is interesting that anyone could say as he did in that memorable address: 'the jubilee of the whole world, whose light dawns welcome alike into the closet of the philosopher, into the garret of toil, and into prison cells, and everywhere suggests even to the vile the dignity of spiritual being.' " Emerson, I admit, is very persuasive, and I'm quite ready to believe that the trouble lies with me and not with Sunday. But a letter from a soldier which tells me that he hates Sunday too makes me feel at least less lonely.

VERCORS HAS TURNED UP AGAIN, this time in a letter from Kay Boyle which I find so interesting that I print the pertinent parts. And even those readers who may feel, at mention of his name, that this is where they came in, will find it worth staying for.

> I believe that Lincoln Kirstein, among others, is quite justified in being shocked at our questioning of the ideological source of the book, and of Jean Bruller's integrity—I was of the same opinion as you, and expressed it in my review of Vercors's book in the New York *Times.*
>
> Where I think Kirstein errs is in his defense of Jean Bruller as "a serious writer" on the evidence alone of "The Silence of the Sea." (Incidentally, it reads no better in French than in English, the translation being admirably done.) No serious writer, I am convinced, could have treated the subject of enemy occupation with such faltering conviction.
>
> I met Jean Bruller in Paris two months ago. There is not the slightest doubt that he was a man of courage and of the Resistance, but his book remains for me an apologetic little book. I talked with several French writers who know him well, and they stressed the point which I think cannot be made too often in any discussion of "The Silence of the Sea"—that it was written in 1941 at a time when the Germans were being, for the French at least and because they

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- The most thorough and authoritative discussion of what is going to be one of our acute postwar problems. —*Ted Robinson, Cleveland Plain Dealer*


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had been instructed to be so, the "correct" and even gallant gentlemen. "The Silence of the Sea" was not written *after* the deportation of French labor into Germany had begun, and *after* the Resistance had developed into an organized movement. It was written at least two years before.

Jean Bruller has *un petit talent*, as it was put by one French author whose name I obviously cannot disclose. And *un petit talent* I think explains Bruller's irresolute and unforgivably sentimentalized approach to a situation which demanded almost any other kind of treatment but that. My amended and perhaps even clarified verdict on the book now is that Jean Bruller wrote in a rather engaging way an ailing little story which, there is not the slightest doubt, did a great deal of harm *outside of France*. I spoke of the book to an active Resistance man in Paris and he seemed rather taken aback that, with so many vital issues afoot, I should have troubled to mention the book at all. *"Mais, ca ne compte pas,"* he said.

In Italy I met at a lunch party an Italian count who was obviously convalescing from a prolonged and violent case of Fascism. During our conversation at table he said to me that he had had the good fortune to procure a French book recently—a book that was a "poetic masterpiece" and at the same time the only reliable book about the Germans which he had seen produced during this war. He had met in Italy a hundred Germans like the hero of this book, he said, and he, as a cultivated man, had certainly more in common with them than he had with the pure home-product of America.

I think you will see what I mean.

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SEVERAL PEOPLE have informed me that chives are a cultivated product and that what I took for chives on the Capitol grounds were really wild onions. No doubt they are right. In a word, if it were June and if there were cows on the Capitol grounds, we might expect June butter, if there were any butter.

THE MOST AMUSING COMMENT on President Truman that I have seen so far was contained in an A. P. dispatch from Lamar, Missouri, which read as follows:

> The second best-known native son of President Truman's home town is Arthur Aull, editor of the Lamar *Democrat*, who says what he pleases at all times, and is nationally famous for his unorthodox daily.
>
> Aull was not exactly lavish in his comment on Truman's ascendency to the Presidency. He said: "We are not unfortunate in having Truman for President. He wants to please. He is conversant with statecraft, and he is likely to do pretty well. He is a man of fair judgment and real patriotism. We expect to see him succeed reasonably well at his giant task."

## Education Can Be Interesting

*TEACHER IN AMERICA.* By Jacques Barzun. An Atlantic Monthly Book. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

IT IS rare to pick up a book the whole of which persistently contradicts the first statement in it. Mr. Barzun begins: "Education is indeed the dullest of subjects, and I intend to say as little about it as I can." He then proceeds to write the wittiest and most amusing as well as one of the soundest and most penetrating books upon that theme that I have ever read. The reason is, of course, that he is writing about the real process of education, the living contact of teacher and student. His book is, throughout, inspired shop talk about the *art* of teaching; there certainly is nothing in it of that battery of doctrines, formulas, and statistics, masked by a smoke screen of "pedaguese," by which the professional "educationist" tries to prevent the reader from coming to a clear view of the subject.

Writing out of the intimacy of his experience, Mr. Barzun never loses sight of the supremely obvious points that while there may be a philosophy of education, it will never be a science; and that teaching, in contrast to certain kinds of training and instruction, is a personal relation and education a personal affair. "Teaching is not a lost art, but the regard for it is a lost tradition." That art has greatly changed as our society has changed. What is teaching like now, what should it promise, and what can it perform?

The layman has the resentful illusion that while he works a solid eight or nine hours a day, the college teacher graciously meets two or three classes in the morning and spends his afternoons on the golf course and his evenings reading out-of-print books or playing bridge. In contrast to this Mr. Barzun vividly describes what teaching is really like. When one adds to the tension and strain of conducting classes the long hours on committees, in counseling students and superintending their advanced work, in study and research, the fact is that teaching is among the most arduous of professions and "steady teaching is a task that would fray the

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nerves of an ox." Good teaching, he quotes a dean as saying, is really a matter of basal metabolism.

What does all this expenditure of energy accomplish? Here again certain illusions should be corrected. Some people believe that by making changes in the school system the world can be reformed. More people think that the teacher should at least instil certain attitudes and mold the characters of their students. These are sadly exaggerated claims. "No one in his senses would affirm that schooling is the hope of the world"; and the more modest demand, that the pedagogue shall make his pupils moral paragons, comes down to the fact that attitudes, so far as they are teachable at all, are communicated indirectly to the young by the example of everyone with whom they come in contact. It is not possible to teach tolerance or democracy as such. Only skills and subjects are teachable. Teaching is primarily intellectual; character is a by-product.

Mr. Barzun accordingly proceeds with a series of chapters on skills and subjects. Foremost come the three R's. They are the basic skills in which the student must be retrained on every educational level. He has sound advice to give on "How to Write and Be Read" and "How to Read and Be Right"; and mathematics, he thinks, might become more intelligible if its teachers took pains to show its applications and to translate it into the vernacular of common sense.

These are the basic skills which should be the ingredients of every education. On the side of content there has been, he thinks, a great deal of over-pretentious to-do about the organization of the curriculum. The clue is obvious. We start not from the college but from the world. A liberal education should be framed in such a way as to unify the most fundamental cultural interests of the society in which we live. If we ask what are the broad divisions of thought and action in that world, it becomes apparent that the curriculum should be organized around three basic foci of interest —the mathematical, physical, and biological sciences, history and the social sciences, and literature and the fine arts. Exposition of subjects should be in terms of these great divisions rather than in terms of a number of diverse departments and a multitude of separate courses. During the first two years every student should have the same basic education, one that would prepare him to specialize in any one of these three fields.

Columbia College, in which Mr. Barzun teaches, affords, he thinks, the clearest example of a curriculum organized in this way. It is increasingly evident as one college after another publishes its post-war plans that while there will and should be a great variety of individual differences among the colleges, this is becoming the predominant pattern that will gradually be imposed upon the disorder provoked by the elective "system."

One does not have to wish that this book will be read. It is too good and too delightfully written not to become well known. Perhaps even some college and university administrators and trustees will read it. If they do, it should greatly help us to get off to a new and better start in the post-war period by enforcing the lesson that education is not a matter of panaceas or gadgets but of bringing gifted teachers and able students together under the most favorable conditions.

GAIL KENNEDY


# What We Laugh At — And Why

**This book by Dr. Isaac Goldberg is not only a study of the meaning of humor and the sense of humor but is the repository of hundreds of illustrations in the form of jokes, wisecracks, stories, and the like. The book contains the following chapters:**

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# BRIEFER COMMENT

## Family Resemblance

JAPAN'S MODERN EMPIRE-BUILDERS, like those of Germany, are being currently reduced to their proper proportions, somewhere below the superman level. It is still useful, nevertheless, to have a good look at their mentality, as provided by Otto D. Tolischus in "Through Japanese Eyes" (Reynal and Hitchcock, $2). By the liberal use of direct quotations the author has permitted leading representatives of Japan's ruling cliques to expose their motivations and ambitions. The "incredible" character attaching to this material bears a strong family resemblance to much that is in "Mein Kampf," and has proved to be no less mischievous for the world at large. In its exposé of the imperial mythology this little volume does its neatest job. It will take an expert apologia to show how these tribal concepts can continue in a world that is to be organized for peace. The most timely quotation is from Shigenori Togo—once more the Foreign Minister—on December 8, 1941, in a reply to Roosevelt's message to Hirohito: "Establishment of peace in the Pacific, and consequently in the world, has been the cherished desire of His Majesty, for the realization of which he had hitherto made his government continue his earnest endeavors. His Majesty trusts that the President is fully aware of this fact."

T. A. BISSON

## Brief and Brilliant

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to describe in a brief review the very great merits of "A Miniature History of the War" by R. C. K. Ensor (Oxford, $1.50). In about 18,000 words it provides a survey, which may be fairly described as brilliant, of the whole of the war, from its preparation down to the recapture of Paris. The lucid and vernacular, yet never "popular" style is adapted to carrying a great quantity of fact. The author's selection of material has been controlled by a single principle—the desire to show the progress of the war from the economic and military standpoints alone. There is little reference to the political aspects of events, and while the underlying political philosophy is clearly conservative, it is never allowed to color the author's analysis. There is no better way to indicate the guiding concept of the book than to give the titles of Chapters I, II, and IV: "How Germany Prepared Her Advantage," "How Germany Exploited Her Advantage," and "The Allies Free Their Hands." The integration of the economic account with the military narrative is beautifully accomplished. A brief epilogue satisfactorily refers to matters of minor importance omitted in the main body of the book. A chronological table of events is provided.

RALPH BATES

## Medicine and Commerce

A SPECK OF MOLD wandered into the laboratory of the English bacteriologist Alexander Fleming one day in the fall of 1928, and it took the war to make anyone interested in its tremendous significance. In 1939, through the work of H. W. Florey in England and a host of research men in the United States, the difficult extraction of penicillin assumed practical proportions. J. D. Ratcliff in "Yellow Magic: the Story of Penicillin" (Random House, $2) gives a swift, dramatic account of this "greatest medical discovery of the age." He uses the drama of medical witchcraft to hide what can only be called criminal negligence—for all this could have been done fifteen years earlier. Mr. Ratcliff applauds American industry for gambling on the commercial venture of saving human life, and ignores the implication that without the promise of tremendous returns as a result of the war emergency this would not have been attempted at all.

JOHN SENIOR

ONE OF THE MORE IMPORTANT of New England's founders has waited three centuries for his deserved recognition. Clifford K. Shipton now gives him his due in "Roger Conant—A Founder of Massachusetts" (Harvard, $3). From scattered sources Mr. Shipton has reconstructed much of the life of Roger Conant and has skilfully portrayed him against the background of his times. This interesting volume is written with imagination and logic, as well as from a depth of accurate knowledge.

IN "THE BIBLE AND THE COMMON READER" (Macmillan, $2.50) Professor Mary Ellen Chase provides an enthusiastic book-by-book exegesis which many will find useful. She quotes, she summarizes, she fills in a historical background, she brings the Bible into the realm of common-sense discussion. All of which is only to note that she fulfils the promise of her title.

# FICTION IN REVIEW

I AM not sure I know who the ghostly lover of the title of Elizabeth Hardwick's "The Ghostly Lover" (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50) is. It might be the shadowy young Southerner—is Kentucky the state?—who appears early in the story to offer Miss Hardwick's heroine a questionable love which he later backs up with the money for a year's study at Columbia. Or perhaps it is the equally shadowy but rather more commonplace youth whom Marian meets in New York and whom she contemplates marrying in order to have a point of security in a peculiarly rootless life. More likely, though, it is Marian's mother, Lucy, one of a pair of the most elusive parents in fiction, for whom Marian lives and dreams in a curiously inverted child-mother relationship.

Of course the appropriateness of a novel's name is not necessarily of any moment in judging the novel, and if I begin my review of "The Ghostly Lover" with a statement of my confusion about its title, it is only as a token of my larger confusion in regard to Miss Hardwick's book as a whole. For by any of the usual tests "The Ghostly Lover" earns only a poor score. It lacks drama and even a coherent story direction; many of the characters are not given their narrative due; there is no unity of prose rhythm; a large part of the book is dull reading. Yet—and however paradoxical strong praise may seem after such a strong indictment—it has sporadic evidence of more real talent than a dozen current novels which can boast all the manifest skills which Miss Hardwick's book lacks.

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I often think that the chief path being followed to the destruction of the modern novel is the path of sensibility. The ability to clothe fastidious insights in fastidious language is the modern literary stock in trade, and by Miss Hardwick's talent I most emphatically do not mean the sentences or paragraphs of fine writing of which "The Ghostly Lover" has its fashionable share. Indeed, I mean precisely the opposite—the quite fierce creativeness of which Miss Hardwick is capable when she leaves off being concerned with pursuing insight to its last pointed syllable. The general tone of "The Ghostly Lover" is a twilight tone of sensibility; yet it has a way of every now and then suddenly bursting into the full crude light of a rare imaginative intensity. Scattered through Miss Hardwick's book are perhaps twenty or thirty pages that would be remarkable from the maturest writer. There are the amazing moments, for instance, when Marian's grandmother, a delicate, invalid Southern gentlewoman, is all at once revealed as mesmerized in her dream of the possibility of violence between the sexes; and there is a scene between Marian's mother, Lucy, and a Negro rifling her refuse cans which has more bleak concentration of terror than almost any scene I have ever read out of the South; and there is the conception of Lucy's relation with her husband—Lucy's need to find the land beyond land where she can finally absorb all of her husband's masculinity into herself without the intrusion of any other human relationship. These are the moments in which Miss Hardwick passes beyond, say, Eudora Welty at her beginning best, to come close to the slashing courage of D. H. Lawrence.

It is worth noting that the inspiration for these grand occasions seem to be the South. When Miss Hardwick moves her heroine to New York, "The Ghostly Lover" is no longer either somnolent or flashingly brilliant. Instead, it is merely accurate, sensitive social reporting. Although, to me, Miss Hardwick's social observations are only conventionally interesting, in the opinion of her publishers her picture of a graduate women's dormitory at Columbia is the especially distinguished portion of her novel, and I am afraid there will be enough others to agree with this judgment to tempt Miss Hardwick to forfeit her larger powers in favor of what should be merely an adjunct of her creative imagination. D. H. Lawrence, too—let me adduce him again, since I have once already—had the reportorial gifts in sufficient abundance. He learned to subdue them to the intensity of his larger creative vision.

In the reviewing vocabulary "promising" is a favorite word to use of first novels. So far as I can recall, I have never used the word—and not only because I wished to avoid jargon, but because I have never felt the propriety of projecting a present merit into a hypothetical future performance. In the case of Miss Hardwick's novel, however, the disparity is so great between talent and a kind of romantic literary mediocrity—the high points are so really high, as well as so much higher than what surrounds them—that it is only in the light of a possible future fulfilment of Miss Hardwick's gifts that the book impresses itself upon me. Yet even here I hesitate; for in order to bring her talent to fulfilment Miss Hardwick has a tremendous task ahead of her. She has to learn to make her


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prose her servant, not her mistress; she must use her powers of observation in the service of her powers of imagination; she must find stories big and open enough to allow her imagination its full intensive play. And nothing in "The Ghostly Lover" tells me whether its author has either the understanding or the energy to choose this course. DIANA TRILLING


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# Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"CAROUSEL" (Majestic Theater) is the second-best musical show of this or several seasons. If that seems an ungracious way to begin a review, it is also, I am afraid, very nearly inevitable, for in the theater at least success is harder to live down than failure. Already the public has probably forgotten the lesser efforts of the Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein, but it will be years before either can write anything for the stage without having this same public ask first of all, Is it as good as "Oklahoma!"? In time they may come almost to wish they had never produced that cheery and ingratiating piece. They may even begin, as authors in a similar situation have sometimes done, to disparage their own most popular work and to persuade themselves that they prefer some brain child whose merits seem insufficiently appreciated. But they will probably be wrong, and when worst comes to worst it may be wiser for all authors to say as Swift said on rereading "A Tale of a Tub": "What genius I had when I wrote *that* book!"

Partly no doubt in order to discourage comparison, "Carousel" carefully avoids being too much "like 'Oklahoma!' " The scene is again America, but the story follows quite closely that of "Liliom," from which it is taken.

Molnar, as nearly everybody will remember, begins with a story told in the mood of sentimental pathos and then, a little past the middle of the play, switches suddenly to what is commonly called fantasy but might in this particular instance be more accurately described as theatrical bravura. Both the composer and the librettist recapture for themselves the two moods the playwright had established, and they negotiate very successfully the abrupt switch; but neither of them, I think, really finds in either the pathetic or the bravura passages anything to provide him with one of his happiest inspirations, and I base this judgment on the fact that the three best lyrics and the three best melodies are all gratuitous additions quite independent of anything the playwright had suggested. Two of them, "June Is Bustin' Out All Over" and "This Was a Real Nice Clam Bake," are buoyant with the same hearty cheerfulness which made so many thousands happy to hear or to sing, "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning." The third, "There's Nothin' So Bad for a Woman," is more or less in the manner of the comic songs in "Oklahoma!"

I believe that both Mr. Rodgers and Mr. Hammerstein grew up in New York City. So far as I know, neither of them has ever had more than casual contacts with "the great open spaces," and I see no reason for supposing that either should find in rustic rather than urban backgrounds their happiest inspirations. But I do suspect that both are at their very best when the occasion calls for something fresh and cheery and youthfully innocent. In the course of a casual meeting with Mr. Rodgers I once had the temerity to ask if he had ever thought of providing a musical setting for Elmer Rice's comedy "Two on an Island." He replied that he had, but he raised technical objections which I readily grant him competent to judge. I still think that he needs some story more buoyant than "Liliom" to provide the occasion for his best and most characteristic music.

Despite all this, my readers will, I hope, not forget what I said at the very beginning, namely, that "Carousel" is still second only to "Oklahoma!" among all the musicals current. By comparison, the very best of the others seem limping and childish, mechanical and tawdry. Mr. Rodgers's music is written, not contrived; the story, despite certain difficulties in the first of the two acts, is told, not merely dragged in from time to time; and Mr. Hammerstein's lyrics have freshness and wit. The most ambitious of Agnes de Mille's ballets is charmingly danced with Bambi Linn in the leading role, and a newcomer, John Raitt, has both the physique and the voice for Liliom. Another newcomer, Jan Clayton, plays Julie with great charm, though her pleasant voice is rather small; and Jean Darling is very engaging indeed as the girl friend who married "a good man."

As for the production as a whole, it is extremely lavish, possibly even a little too splendiferous. And that leads me not only to end as I should not on a slightly querulous note but also to risk the scornful disagreement of nearly everyone connected with the theater by saying that the direction of Rouben Mamoulian seems to me something less than perfect. His besetting sin—and it cannot be blamed on Hollywood since it was exhibited before he ever had any traffic with the movies—is what I am tempted to describe as a tendency toward nimiety or a too-muchness. He loves to crowd the stage. He will never use three girls or three urchins or three jugglers or three what-nots if five can can possibly be crowded in. Being a specialist in handling crowds, he seems always anxious to exhibit his virtuosity and to complicate the maze by adding a few more figures. And with it all, the groups begin to be too studied, too obviously effective to be really so. If my memory serves, it was Mr. Hammerstein himself who said shrewdly in an article about "Oklahoma!" that the first thing he and his collaborator decided was that they would not begin with a chorus of cow-girls. The opening scene of "Carousel" is a little suggestive of just that sort of thing.

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# Art

CLEMENT GREENBERG

A REACTION against what was called the "formlessness" of impressionist painting cast a pall for a time over the reputations of Claude Monet, Pissarro, and Sisley. There now seems to be a reaction against that reaction. We have discovered more "form" than had been supposed in their pictures.

Cézanne detected a lack of three-dimensional structure in their painting, but this lack became really compromising only in the work Monet turned out in his last period, when he went off in a direction tangential to that of all art. His ambition to note, record, and make permanent the most transitory aspects of nature was an extra-aesthetic one that had more to do with science than with painting. It meant an unwillingness to consider the work of art as a complete event in itself. The picture became only one notation in a series, with the artist hurrying on to the next. In the poem that furnishes the epigraph to the catalogue of the spectacular Monet show now running at Wildenstein's (through May 12) Henri de Régnier says with much insight:

> Et pour vous, o Manet, le plus beau paysage
> Sera toujours celui que vous peindrez demain.

Coincident with the notational fallacy was the equally serious if more aesthetically relevant one of chromaticism. As Debussy would often present the mere texture of sound as the form itself of music, so Monet in his last period offered the mere texture of color as adequate form in painting. Monet, logical nineteenth-century materialist, forgot that art is relations, not matter, and that it exists primarily by virtue of relations, while all that matter can do is repeat itself: thus clusters of lily pads, masses of foliage, gray mists, and watery reflections—the canvases on which Monet painted them look like segments cut from much larger pictures.

But the earlier Monet is something quite different. Brought up as a painter under Boudin's tutelage, but with Manet's the decisive influence, he was already producing first-rate painting in his middle twenties in a somewhat eclectic style that betrayed the influences of Corot and Courbet as well. The broad, heavy earth tones of the latter, the gray lighting of the former, and Manet's sharp value contrasts alternated or were combined. Pursuing naturalism and the effects of light, Monet worked into the photographic impressionism of atmospheric darks and lights and summary definitions that Manet was the first to devise; and then, along with Renoir and the other impressionists, he arrived at the divided tone and the colored shadows which became the hallmarks of high impressionism—that is, the fusion of colors optically by juxtaposition on the canvas instead of by mixture on the palette and the recognition of the fact that objects cast shadows in colors complementary to those of their lighted surfaces. Gone for good were the gray and brown half-tones that had been the glory of painting since the Venetians. The style of the divided tone reached its full blossom in the eighteen-eighties in Monet's landscapes (some of the best of these, though now in this country, were for some reason not included in the otherwise so comprehensive show at Wildenstein's). Their yellow luminosity, feathery definitions, delicate surfaces, and solid, simple design make a perfection the painter did not attain before or after that time.

It is the pictures Monet turned out between 1870 and 1890 that earn him greatness. The strongest item in the present show, the still life Vase de Capucines, was painted in 1880 at the exact middle of this period. He produced an occasional strong painting after 1890—a startling Haystack, for instance, at this show, which anticipates Vlaminck—but on the whole his design disintegrated progressively and his color thinned out and lost its juice. His pictures became exercises in his particular technique of notation—mere instances of his style but not works of art. There may still be something to savor in these things, but to do so one has to work oneself up to a very high and unendurable pitch of sensitivity.

Monet followed the impressionist logic in too straight a line and too tenaciously. Pissarro, on the other hand, swerved away for a time to pursue Seurat's pointillist technique, and after he abandoned that he felt refreshed and went on to paint some of the best pictures of his career—even though his color, too, had begun to lose itself in atmosphere and turn gray. (Incidentally, Monet and Pissarro, the two painters who more than any others relied on their sheer eyesight, both suffered from cataracts in old age.)

Monet was a *flat* painter, and the first concern of his *métier*—a concern that leads from him straight to Mondrian—was to maintain plastically the equilibrium that the surface of the canvas already possesses physically. Impressionism meant naturalism as understood in the terms proper to painting rather than to literature. The impressionist painter, once he found his "motif," took care to slice it out naively, without posing it and without differentiating his interest in its various parts. There could be no high-lighting or dramatic centering; the corners of the picture were to show with the same clarity and come as close to the eye as the middle, and the projected field of vision was not permitted to blur toward its horizontal and vertical limits (in this respect impressionism violated its own naturalistic tenets and introduced, before cubism itself, the multiple point of view). Thus the impressionists brought back into painting a flatness not seen since the Italian primitives. Monet's style after the seventies shows such consistency and continuity because he stays so willingly inside this flatness. Renoir and Cézanne struggle in each picture to transform it as much as possible before surrendering to it, whence the drama and complexity. Monet surrenders almost in advance. Thus his pictures stay in their places on the wall much more quietly, even as their creator stayed within his style.

But at the same time light moves inside them, dissolving objects and attacking identities. Monet saw the world as sadly reconciled to itself, with all its conflicts eliminated by the inevitable working out of atomic mergers. The uniform surfaces and texture of his paintings, built up—atomically—with small touches of pigment, and inhering in and creating the objects depicted, make everything finally one—in contrast to the strata of varnish under which the Renaissance painter usually protected his objects and their separateness, and in contrast, too, to the

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impasto'd surfaces of Courbet which emphasize the corporeal identity of things. But Courbet was an earlier and more optimistic materialist than Monet, who had begun to feel the pathos of such a point of view. Like another late materialist, Mallarmé, he knew that the flesh was sad in the end.

The Wildenstein show, said to be the largest or most representative Monet exhibition ever assembled, contains eighty oils and three drawings. It is being held for the benefit of the children of Giverny in France, the town on the Seine in which Monet spent the last half of his long life—dying there in 1926; and there is an admission charge of fifty cents.

## Music

*B. H. HAGGIN*

IF YOU have not read Virgil Thomson in the New York *Herald Tribune* you should acquire the collection of some of his daily reviews and Sunday articles in "The Musical Scene" (Knopf, $3). He has been writing the only newspaper music criticism worth reading in recent years; and the book contains some of the most penetrating and brilliantly phrased comment on music and musicians that has been done in this country or any other.

If I say this I must add that it also contains writing which in its own way is as bad as any that has been done—bad both in quality and in effect. The difference between good and bad can be made clear by two examples. On the one hand Thomson will write that "Mitropoulos has taken over the Philharmonic-Symphony concerts like an occupying army," and refer to his "Panzer division tactics"; on the other hand, having described the members of the New York Philharmonic, the Boston Symphony, and the Philadelphia Orchestras correctly as "expert instrumentalists, internationally trained, prepared to meet any emergency of technique or of style according to accepted formulas," he will write: "These elements are as mutually replaceable and as anonymous as members of the Roman Catholic clergy. And the summum of their integrity, their consecration, and their efficacy is as beyond question." In the first example his figure of speech has a connection with the fact of the situation; it expresses vividly and forcefully a perception of something real—that in Mitropoulos's performances "all is discipline, machine finish, tension, and power," and "he makes every piece . . . sound nervous and violent." In the second the figure of speech has no such relation with fact; it represents not a perception but a playing around with fine-sounding ideas and words without regard for the realities of the situation, which in consequence are misstated. The Boston and Philadelphia Orchestras could not exchange their famous solo wind-players or even a considerable number of their rear-rank players without a loss of what, in the functioning of each orchestra, is the result of the long working together of its members. And while "the summum of their integrity, their consecration" has some relevance to the Philadelphia Orchestra, it is laughable in its irrelevance to the New York Philharmonic. The volume contains considerable writing which is bad in this way—which misstates or invents the facts it needs for its spinning out of ideas and phrases.

As for the bad effect of such writing, this column's favorite correspondent included in a letter from Belgium a couple of months ago a "Note on the critic as pedagogue," in which he observed: "The critic can perform many functions, but if he has the courage of his convictions, or any convictions at all (and he is not worth the paper he is printed on without them: *vide* the so-called music critics now functioning in N. Y. C.), he must have at least the interest in leading his fellows out of darkness and error that a good revivalist has." To this I would add that whether or not the critic performs a "pedagogical function by intention he does so in practice. That is, he cannot write about a piece of music or about its performance by a violinist or a conductor and orchestra without expressing ideas about music, about performance, about violin-playing, about conducting, to readers who are assumed to know less about these things than he and who are intended to benefit by his ability to hear and understand more than they can. And Thomson sometimes leads such readers into, rather than out of, darkness and error.

There are, then, in this volume constructions of thought—about the personalities of the great eastern orchestras, about what was wrong with the New York Philharmonic and how it could be made right, about how we really cannot understand the music of a hundred years ago though we think we do but really do understand the music of today though we think we can't, about Toscanini, Ormandy, Schnabel, Hofmann, about the French style or the French anything—which deal with these things as they exist in a private world of Thomson's, and which are so remote from the realities of our world as to be worthless, and in some instances not to make coherent, understandable sense even in their own terms. But there are also occasions—when Thomson is dealing with Stravinsky's Concerto for two pianos alone, with works of Hindemith, Shostakovitch, Roy Harris, David Diamond, Samuel Barber, with performances by Koussevitzky, Artur Rubinstein, Horowitz, Szigeti, Heifetz, Jan Peerce, with youngsters like Kapell and Isaac Stern, with the methods and performances of the Metropolitan—occasions when his sharp ears and mind are applied to what is actually happening, when his writing in consequence is brilliantly illuminating by its insights and its phraseology, and the results are superb pieces of criticism which I would be glad to have been able to write myself.

When you consider the kind of writing about music with which newspapers are content to disgrace themselves and mislead their readers it is astounding and wonderful that one newspaper should feel impelled to publish writing like Thomson's.


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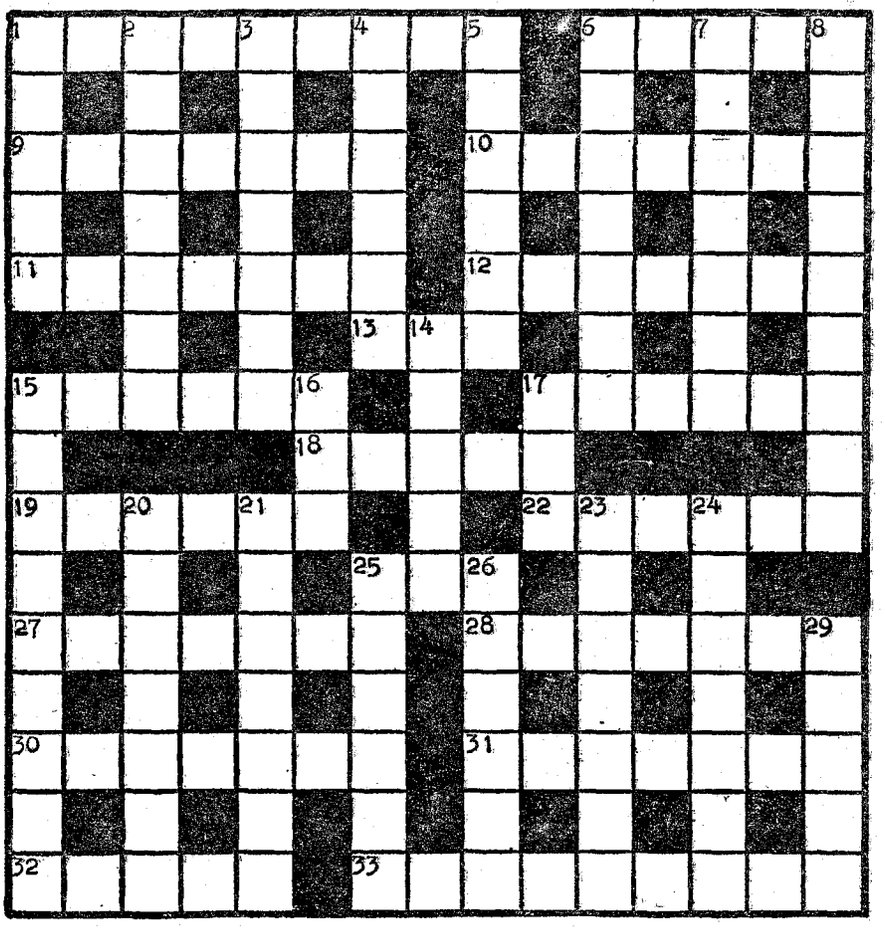
# Crossword Puzzle No. 114

By JACK BARRETT



## ACROSS

1 You can't get rid of the darned thing!
6 Demanded in every tavern in the town — in England
9 A French wit called them disguised vices
10 Disease of which all old men sicken
11 Comparatively poor
12 Simple Susie was horrified when she read that Mr. and Mrs. Blank had ---- --- clothing of every description (two words, 4 and 3)
13 A starting point
15 Good kit-bag material
17 Is anything given so profusely as this?
18 Eat one a day and keep *everybody* away
19 "On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly pressed its ------
sage" (*Lady of the Lake*)
22 Code of Jewish civil and economic law
25 Expressive of repugnance
27 An Irish lass
28 Turn Florence Nightingale into "Flit on, cheering angel," and you have one
30 Might have made Poe sore
31 Town of New Jersey
32 The three-card trick is not strictly according to him
33 Bewhiskered lord in *Our American Cousin* — a role created by the actor Sothern

## DOWN

1 Fagot of brushwood
2 Myself (as a king or queen might express it)
3 Deceptive
4 "Those who know most ------ the least"
5 Often directed to leg, at cricket
6 Despair (anag.)
7 I rob Ian in an East African place
8 Not U. S. steel
14 Giving a monarch a letter is undeniably stretching it a little
15 Clout
16 His wife turned to salt — or was it to rubber?
17 "Go to the ---, thou sluggard"
20 "A greenery-yallery, Grosvenor -------, foot-in-the-grave young man" (*Patience*)
21 A sty, maybe
23 He plays for the fun of the thing
24 A light operatic Countess (that is, the opera is light)
25 Straighten up and relax
26 Hurry
29 Rabelais called the lack of it a disease

### SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 113

ACROSS:—1 THROW; 4 BIPED; 7 MEMO; 9 AUGUST; 10 LIARS; 12 RUHR; 13 RUTH; 15 REVIVER; 17 YONDER; 18 DIEPPE; 19 SHE; 21 COLLOPS; 23 MATTERS; 24 ECU; 26 BALKED; 28 GUNSHY; 31 SOMALIS; 32 AGED; 35 NULL; 36 EDICT; 37 BLOWED; 38 BOWS; 39 MOUSE; 40 XERES.

DOWN:—1 TOUR; 2 REUTER; 3 WETTISH; 4 BALLED; 5 PEAR; 6 DUST; 7 MERCY; 8 MAHAN; 11 RUMPLE; 14 HEELS; 15 REMOVES; 16 RIOTOUS; 19 SSE; 20 EMU; 21 COBRA; 22 LILIED; 25 COALBOX; 27 DOTTLE; 28 GIAOUR; 29 SCUDO; 30 YELLS; 33 GERM; 34 DIEU; 35 NEBS.

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